TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SONNETS.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

LIFE—WHAT IS IT?

A slimy thread, tangled at either end,
And drawn across the dial of the years,
By that old Sylder, Time, who heeds not tears
The murmur of the moments as they blend,
Their melody with wailing hearts that rend,
And hopes that snap beneath the weight of fears;—
And ere the swartly spinner disappears,
He breaks the magic thread that none can mend,
Leaving our startled eyes enwrapt in mist,
Our fingers palsied, and our blanched lips mute,
And busy grave-worms nibbling at the fruit,
Which Death has plucked, and dangled at his wrist.
Nor doth the subtle weaver come again,
To tie the fibre, and complete the skein.

DEATH.—WHAT IS IT?

It is a peaceful end of all desire,
An end of dreaming, and an end of song,—
A happy winding-up of right and wrong,
A quiet quenching of the vital fire;
A shadow lying on a broken lyre,—
A beggar's holiday,—a twilight long,
A landing-place where weary pilgrims throng,
A tranquil terminus of ways that tire.
Death is a respite from each vain regret,
It drops the curtain, it concludes the play,
It turns the lights out, and it leads the way.
When o'er the housetops all the stars have set;
Death is the epilogue to which we list,
Just as the tired audience is dismissed.

For the Blade.

MY QUESTION.

BY L. MAY REBERLING.

Will you answer a question for me?
I have put it to many in vain.
Does a joy, long-expected, atone
When 'tis ours, for the waiting's keen pain?

When the cold blasts of Winter depart,
And the fair Spring returns in its pride,
Will the sunlight afford us more peace,
That its glow has so long been denied?

When the trees, in their garments of green,
First reward us for months of deep gloom
By their brightness—say, does it outweigh
The shade which has long been our doom?

When some loved boon at last we secure,
Some great happiness finally gain,
Does the pleasure atone for for the grief
Of suspense, and the longing's deep pain?

When some cherished hope, long pale with fear,
Greets our wondering gaze fair and bright,
Does it cancel our years of unrest
By its gift of ecstatic delight?

More than all, when Life's journey is done,
And Death's spell on our eyelids is laid,
Looking back, will the roses seem more
Than the thorns?—the light more than the shade?

In my own heart, I hear a reply
To this question propounded to you:
It is sweet as the perfume of flowers,
And I feel, ah, I know it is true.

Not a purpose, a hope, or an aim,
That is lofty, and noble, and high,
But—if cherished—will give in return
A great good which never can die.

We may fancy our dreaming is vain,
And may sign o'er the long, wasted years;
But a Father, who seeth all things,
Beholdeth our anguish and tears.

He will give us a beautiful peace,
And a gladness beyond all compare;
We shall see this grand life as it is,
We shall know it is holy and fair.

This is something of what the soft voice
In my heart doth repeat, evermore;
And it giveth me strength, and I feel
That the darkness of doubting is o'er.

Are there hopes that are ghastly with fears?
Are there dreams you have buried with pain?
Oh, believe not your sorrow is nothing, but know
It will bring you unspeakable gain.

For the Blade.

TO J. N. MATTHEWS.

BY MRS. GRACE F. BURGESS.

Of all the different paths of life,
Why choose the one of constant strife?
'Tis rugged climbing without wealth;
Hope must be strong within, and health
Must glisten in the eye, and glow
Upon the cheek, e'er we can go
From round to round, and reach the top,
And then how often must we stop
For breath, and rest 'neath searching sun,
E'er half of one days' work is done?
While round us, those who wealth possess,
May climb unceasing, and suffer less
The noonday heat. What though they fall,
And risking much, should lose their all?
Wealth gained, and lost, cannot be worse
Than to ever hold an empty purse.
Woodhull, Ill.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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More About Naples—Life Out-of-Doors—A Hot-Bed of Immorality—The Public Letter-Writer—Sights of the Wonderful Bay of Naples—Ways of Fleecing the Tourist.

LX.

OUT-OF-DOORS.

Pretty much everything in Naples is done out-of-doors. The shops are all open at the front. All handicrafts are prosecuted in the open air and very many occupations are conducted entirely on the sidewalks. The currying benches of the tanners, (leather is one of the industries of Naples) are all in front of the buildings, and shoemakers and cobblers have their benches, or chairs rather, anywhere where there is vacant space. Along the sidewalks, along the docks of the City are cobblers with their kits, working away at foot-gear that in any other country would have found the street long ago. They work bare-armed and bare-headed, the sun supplying warmth gratis that in other countries labor only procures.

It is the custom in England and America for the person desiring work done to leave a deposit with the artist to provide against the chances of his never calling for his work. This rule is reversed in Naples—the workman who repairs anything is required by the customer to deposit with him to provide against the certainty of his walking away with the articles left.

Thus: there comes to the street cobbler a young sailor with a pair of boots to be repaired. The price for the work is agreed upon after much chaffering, for in this region there is no such thing as a fixed price for anything but cabs, and then comes another and very difficult negotiation. Were the sailor to leave the boots without an arrangement the shoemaker would, the moment his back was turned, pack up his shop, go off and sell the boots, and not a stroke of work would he do till the proceeds thereof had been eaten and drunk in macaroni and wine.

"I want 10 lire," remarks the sailor.

"The boots are not worth five," replies the shoemaker.

"Ten!" is the response.

"It is too much, but I will give you eight."

The deposit is finally agreed upon, the sailor taking care to get enough to ensure his getting his boots again, goes away. When he returns he pays back the sum received with the addition of the cost of the work. The cobbler folds up his kit, leaves his stool in some safe place and gets him to the nearest macaroni stand and eats and lies down in the sun perfectly contented till hunger compels him to a resumption of business. His wife and children are doing the same thing at whatever they can do, which is whatever will supply them with macaroni and wine the most easily.

MORALS.

There is less pretense of decency in Naples than any City in Europe. The very bottom of moral nastiness is struck here. The streets swarm with prostitutes day and night, who ply their trade in the most unblushing manner. Well-dressed men ply their occupation as procurers for women, openly assailing every passer-by, whether his appearance indicates his willingness to listen or not, and on every corner men and women stand with packages of obscene books and pictures, which they offer, as a regular matter of course, and as though the trade were entirely legitimate. To an English-speaking foreigner they make some pretense of secrecy, but it is only to enhance the value of their horrible wares. To a native the proffer is made as openly as though the goods were hardware, instead of what in every civilized country is not only interdicted, but the dealing in which is looked upon as an employment that throws any one outside association with decent men.

The manufacture of obscene books and engravings, and the making and selling of obscene photographs is a business that is conducted with the utmost publicity, indeed, it is advertised the same as an English or American dealer advertises dry goods. The manufactories are in the most public places, and samples of the products are openly displayed in windows, and the same means used to attract trade that are employed in other lines of business.

There is nothing that one sees in Naples that strikes the American, Englishman or German with more astonishment or excites in them more disgust than this absolute filthiness—this public and open exhibition of the grossest immorality. London is bad enough, and so are Paris and Vienna, but prostitution and incentives to vice are in none of these places made an open business of, nor is it taken as a matter of course by the respectable portion of society. In civilized England and Germany the church and clergy make some sort of a fight against licentiousness and do something towards restraining it.

In Italy the clergy apparently pay no more attention to it than they do to any other part of their social system. They are kept busy in procuring a living for themselves, their principal business being, it would seem, to maintain the supremacy of the church. In view of the moral condition of their charges, what particular use the church in Italy is to the people, or to any one except those who minister at its altars, is a very proper question. Evidently the idea of the church is that the people were created for the church and not the church for the people. The priests have the thing tail end first, but as every body but the Radicals seem to be satisfied with it, it slips along comfortably. The people give and and the priests eat and ask no questions. It is a comfortable state of affairs all around.

LETTER WRITING.

In the long arcade or collonade of the theater San Carlo are any number of stalls in the open air which contain each a desk furnished with cheap writing material. There is a man in a chair, generally an old and withered man who looks as though death had forgotten to call for him at the proper time and had finally concluded he wasn't worth bothering with, seated in a chair, and another chair in which somebody else is seated.

The withered old man is a professional letter-writer, and the occupant of the other chair is his customer. Is is a singular commentary upon the educational system of Naples, that the people, as a rule, do not read or write, and that in consequence, letter-writing is a regular vocation and a not entirely unprofitable one.

The woman in the chair presents a letter to the writer, who reads it to her, and then prepares a sheet of paper for an answer. The woman tells him what she wants to say, and the writer puts it upon paper in good Italian, seals it for her, furnishes the proper stamp and receives for his work a few sous, the price being according to the length and style of the missive. A mere running letter is written very cheaply, a warm love-letter requires a heavier disbursement, quality as well as quantity being taken into account.

These letter writers have a fund of secrets that is something awful, but to their credit be it said they are faithful to their employers, as a rule, and keep them sacredly. In the courts letter-writers are never forced to give evidence as to the contents of what they have written for parties, the profession being regarded as purely confidential as that of a priest or attorney.

They require great skill in the business and seldom need more than a word of instruction. Here comes a coquettish girl with a complaining letter from one of her lovers.

"Well," says the writer, "do you want to dismiss him?"

"No, not exactly. Beppo is a good fellow and then I am not quite sure of Gaspard."

"All right."

And the skilled man writes a sort of half and half letter which keeps Beppo in confidence, till the time comes for her to decide which of the two she will accept or rather capture.

"You can't pay of course?" he asks of a rakish looking young man.

"Not this week, but very soon," is the reply.

That letter expresses its regrets, very strongly expressed, of inability for immediate payment and is profuse in promises in the near future.

The next is an old man who actually wants to pay, but cannot, and the man of letters knows exactly the letter to write for him—he has had much experience in this client's matters, every one has a different story to tell, but as they run in classes experience is an unerring guide to each case.

A SMALL ROMANCE.

Accidents will, however, happen. A young girl came with two letters to answer. One was from one lover reproaching her for not keeping an engagement, and the other was a letter of thanks to another lover for having had so delightful an experience at the very time she was promised to the other.

"You see," explained the girl, "Manuel wanted me to go with him to Capri, last Sunday, and I promised; but Fillippo, he came just after and wanted me to go to a dance at the pleasure gardens. I preferred Fillippo's pleasure to Manuel's, and went with him, and now Manuel complains. He is cruel."

"Well?"

"Please write to Manuel and say that I was sick and at home all day last Sunday, and that I cried my eyes out too, because I could not go with him whom I love so truly. And say also, that I am not well enough to meet him at the gardens to-night, but that he shall see me the moment I get better."

"Very good."

"What do you want to say to Fillippo?"

"Tell him I love him better than my life, and say that last Sunday was the most delightful day I ever had in my life. Tell him that I enjoyed every dance with him, and that I long to see him again. Say that I shall be at the gardens to night and that I shall die if my love is not there. Make this letter very warm if you please."

The two letters were written according to instructions, but, as the fates would have it, the letter for Manuel was enclosed in Fillippo's envelope and Fillippo's in Manuel's.

Manuel received his and was not at a loss to fathom its meaning. He knew something of Italian girls and he saw the perfidy of this one at once. He determined to go to the Gardens just the same.

Fillippo was a little puzzled at the letter he received.

Fillippo came to the Gardens and found the young lady there Manuel went to the Gardens also, and saw his love dancing with Fillippo, from the safe concealment of a clump of trees. He waited till he saw the couple steal away from the throng for a lover's walk in one of the beautiful avenues of trees, and it was all over in a minute. There was a flash of a knife, a man lying on the ground, dying, and a woman shrieking hysterically, while another man with a sardonic smile on his countenance was gliding in and out among the trees, like a serpent, making his way out of the Gardens.

Fillippo did not recover—men do not recover from the stab of a Neapolitan stiletto—the young girl tried immediately to be reconciled to Manuel, who gave her to understand that if she ever appeared to him again there might be another funeral, and so it ended.

All of which goes to show that professional writers as well as married men who have illicit loves, and who write to their wives by the same mail, need to be very particular about putting up their letters. It is better to enclose each one as it is written that there may be no mistakes. Such mistakes are awkward.

The letter-writer was a lost and ruined man. Nine-tenths of his patronage was from women, and as nine-tenths of the women wanted two letters written to two different lovers they naturally did not dare to trust themselves in the hands of a man capable of making so grave a mistake. A letter-writer as careless as that would be the cause of the knifing of half the young men in Naples, and the women felt that they could not spare them for such trifling causes. Therefore he was forced to close his business for want of patronage, and the last that was known of him he contemplated taking orders and going into the priesthood.

THE BLUE GROTTO AND CAPRI.

Across the beautiful bay lies the lovely Island of Capri, and on the way to Capri is the famous Blue Grotto, which everybody visits, when a visit is possible, and in so doing, everybody shows their good taste and a proper appreciation of the beautiful in Nature. In the side of a vast precipice, close to the water's edge, is a semi-circular opening, invisible when the sea is at all rough, and only three feet high when it is entirely quiet. Only when the sea is absolutely still is a passage of the opening possible. We happened to have a perfect day for the purpose, and a half-hour in the grotto amply repaid the risk and trouble of visiting it. You lie down in the little cockle-shell boat which takes you from the steamer, for the opening will just admit the boat. The boatman pulls the bow of his boat close to the aperture, and waits cautiously for the receding swell which leaves it open. Taking advantage of the receding water he adroitly forces the boat through the opening, and you find yourself in a cavern 175 feet long by 100 feet wide, and 41 feet high in the center. Under you the water is 24 feet deep.

It is the most beautiful thing in Nature of the kind. The only light is that admitted through the narrow opening through which you passed, and as the sweep of the water lessens and enlarges that opening admitting more or less light, the color of the water changes every second. It is always blue, but it is a different shade of blue with every pulsation of the water outside. Now it is a blue that is almost white, in an instant a sky-blue, then a very dark blue. You throw any object into the water and it takes on the color of silver, only, it glitters as though it were in a silvery flame. The oars, as you are rowed about the cavern, toss up showers of silver. Presently your boatman throws off his clothing and plunges into the ever-changing water. He becomes silver, as though it was a silver fish swimming about the boat. The little ripples are not the white of disturbed water, every wavelet has a silver crown, changing into a thousand shades of blue, each one more beautiful than the other. When a great wave closes the mouth of the cavern and all the light there is is that reflected through the water it becomes a dark blue, then as the water recedes and admits more light, the color changes with the volume of light admitted. It is a succession of fairy scenes, of wonderful effects, and the contrast when you emerge into the open air again, is by no means the least startling of the effects left upon the memory.

Passing Sorrento, your boat heads for Capri, an enormous mass of limestone broken off from the promontory of Sorrento in some convulsion of nature. The island is about 10 miles in circumference, two vast mountains raising their peaks, the bases of which cover the entire island and their peaks being visible for miles and leagues away.

The little steamer puts into a diminutive harbor and the passengers land, not upon a dock which might be built as well as not, but into boats. There is no dock built for the reason that the company would lose the fee for landing you, and Italian companies figure very carefully not to make travel comfortable and cheap, but uncomfortable and expensive. The fare from Naples looks cheap enough, and would be were there nothing but the fare. But when you have paid your cab for being taken to the boat, you find there is another fee for getting into a small boat and being rowed off to the steamer. Then there is a band of atrocious vocal and instrumental musicians on the boat, who torment you all the way down with the vilest possible so-called music, taking up a collection three times, and you must contribute or be made to feel that you are an outlaw; then you are landed in another small boat on your arrival at Capri, with another fee; you take another small boat to get back to the steamer, and still another when you arrive at night at Naples. To say nothing of the three collections of the orchestra, add to all this the fees which the servants on the boat expect and manage to collect somehow, and your excursion instead of being a very cheap one, as it looks when you plan it, is a very expensive one.

On the landing at Capri is a rather more varied assortment of beggars under very thin disguises than in any place we have yet seen. There is a long row, more than a hundred, of donkeys and ponies held by boys, girls and old women, all clamoring to be employed for an ascent of the mountain peak, which you must do. These appear to have the precedence, but close to them comes another long line of girls with corals for sale of every conceivable shape and style, from rare specimens singly, to long strings. Whatever you pay, if you are weak enough to buy, you may be sure you are paying too much. Then comes a hundred, more or less, of young brigands who have nothing to sell, and nothing to offer in exchange for your copper, but who demand it, and as a rule get it just the same.

ASCENDING THE PEAKS.

The first thing you do is to eat a very bad dinner, and the next is to select the least objectionable donkey out of the hundred offered you, and ascend by a zig-zag path to the top of the first peak. You intend to ascend both, but you never do, one being entirely sufficient for you. But that one pays the time and trouble. From the summit where you stop, you have a view the equal of which is hardly to be enjoyed in Europe. The wonderful bay is at your feet, dotted with sailing vessels and smoke-vomiting steamers; across the narrow channel is the Promontory of Sorrento, to the left lies the numberless islands that dot the beautiful bay, Naples with its unrivaled situation, the City covering the steep hills, lying in an amphitheater; the terraced ascent crowned with St. Elmo, with its wonderful church on the summit, while in the center of the picture Vesuvius, with its spiral cloud of smoke, makes an appropriate finish. All this and much more lies before you in an atmosphere that enables you to see distinctly an incredible distance, and with the bluest of water at your feet. There are orange, mulberry and olive groves all below you, which the rays of the warm sun light up into beauty. The ascent well pays the labor.

Down at the base again you have an hour before the steamer sails again for the city. That hour is made wretched by the horde of sellers of coral. This very cheap ornamental product of nature is taken from the water of the bay almost anywhere, and it is about the cheapest article to be bought in and about Naples. You can buy a dozen very long strings of it for 40 cents, and even 20 if you do not accept the first, second or third offer made you. In fact no offer is refused, for as it costs nothing, anything that is got for it is profit, nothing being considered but the time spent in selling it, and as a Neapolitan never does anything anyhow, that doesn't count.

The vendors are mostly girls, there being a good reason for this. You can't kick a girl very well, and in addition to this reason all young men are willing to talk nonsense to a pretty girl, and after she has given him time to chaff her a half hour he cannot very well refuse to buy a string or two of coral of her, and to pay her, moreover, her asking price. She gets pay for the privilege of being talked to and that don't cost her anything.

One young and very pretty girl who spoke a little English asked Mr. Tibbitts after some 30 minutes of animated talk, four francs for a collection of coral which another girl had been trying in vain to sell him for a franc.

"Why do you ask me four francs when this other girl only wants one, for the same goods?"

"Ah, yees. I am pretty, and she is—vat you call it?—ugly. She hef not ze eyes, ze teeth, ze smile zat I hef. And zen, I speek ze Ingleese, and you make love to me in ze talk, you unnerstan? In fife minutes ze price will be fife francs,"

Mr. Tibbitts closed at once to save the odd franc.

One prudent old lady purchased several dollars' worth, all indeed that her satchel would hold.

"I have," said she in explanation, "a large number of nieces to whom I must take something. Then my two hired girls will expect some remembrance when I get home, and what is left well do very well for prizes at our Sunday school competition. I can use a great deal of it."

And thinking of some other poor relations she purchased a half-bushel more, which she ordered her husband, a very meek-looking little man, to take charge of, and be sure that he did not lose it as he did the lava the other day.

Our Story Teller.

AN ACTRESS'S STORY.

"Just a few trifles—mere rubbish," I said, peeping over Hilda's shoulder into the drawer. Hilda gave one glance and then went on with her work; while I leaned idly against the old bureau, looking at Hilda's reflection in the convex-mirror above us, with the gilt eagle, dangling chains and balls from its beak, perched on the top.

Half a shutter near us was open, and the only sunshine admitted into the house of mourning streamed in right on Hilda's little head of sunny hair, and her slim white hands as they deftly sorted, folded, tied and labeled packet after packet from the pile of papers before her. It caught a blue jar with a peacock's feather in it in the green gloom beyond her, and shone full into the face of the dead master of the house, smilingly sedately from his picture frame at his sweet, demure wife on the opposite wall.

I had done my share of the work, so I drew out of the drawer—a long, shallow one for loose papers at the top of the old-fashioned escritoire; we had not noticed it at first—and sat down with it on my lap in the big, shabby, leather arm-chair, screed till now to Uncle John's own special use.

Odds and ends, such as seemingly grow up of themselves in unused corners. A key, a whistle made of an elder twig, some sweet-smelling berries strung into a bracelet with a garnet bead between, and a common little red purse with portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert on the back. Utter trash.

"This is the last drawer," said Hilda, presently. "I think we have done every thing now; but go over it all again, Dora-please."

I thought carefully for a moment, recalling, as well as I could, that gray dawning (how many days ago, I wondered) when the dear kind voice that I loved so well, spoke its last words to me:

"Dorothy, dear, as soon as you reasonably can after my death, take this key that opens the fourth little drawer in my bureau. It is all yours. Everything I have is left to your mother and you two. What you find in the top drawer, put into my coffin. I should like to take the poor trifles with me, as far as I can. Then there are private letters; read and destroy at your discretion. They are tied with green ribbon. The business letters, tied with red tape, are all in the right hand drawer. Keep them to assist Mortley in winding up affairs, God bless you, Dorothy. Marry some good man who will take care of you—but don't expect to be all the world to him. The best of women never was that to the best of husbands."

What made him say that, I wondered.

He seemed too tired for more speaking. Hilda came in to take my place as nurse, and never saw him alive again!

In the uppermost left-hand drawer we had found a pile of yellow letters directed in a neat, sloping Italian hand to my uncle, and indorsed in his square black writing, "From my dear wife;" and another package, older and yellower, tied with faded blue ribbon, "From Anne Pelham, during our engagement." They lay on a piece of soft muslin, easily recognizable as the large handkerchief that covered Aunt Anne's pretty shoulders in the portrait, above the low bodice of her crimson satin dress. The original of the little hair brooch with the pearl setting was pinned to it. We folded the letters in the limp, discolored muslin, fastened them with the tiny brooch, and laid them reverently at the dead man's right hand in his coffin.

The rest had been a long day's work, but all was not finished.

"You are tired, Dora darling," said Hilda, "I will run home and see mother, and stay if she wants me. Get Mercy to bring you some tea, and I'll come back when I can."

Our mother, Mrs. Dorwood, lived in a little crooked cottage, all red-tiled roof and chimney-stacks, some little way down High street, the one street of Fairdale. She was partially paralyzed, and one of us had always to stay with her, while the other acted as companion, and, lately as nurse to Uncle John. He was head of the firm of Mallowdale & Mortley, solicitors, and the offices occupied the ground floor of the big red house that stood without intervening railing or area on the High street pavement.

Uncle John had often begged my mother to take up her abode with him, but she had grown used to her own house and her own ways, and change was a pain and weariness to her.

"Hilda!" I exclaimed, suddenly pricked as one sometimes is by an extravagant fancy in moments of sadness. "Have we made a mistake? Is this the drawer he meant?"

"Oh, Dora!" said Hilda, with a world of quiet reproof in her eyes. "When you know all my aunt was to him! The best loved woman that ever lived."

"I didn't think," I stammered in my confusion, slipping the bracelet over my wrist. What is the key?"

"A duplicate one of the bureau," suggested Hilda, and she was right. "And the whistle is what he used to make for us children." I slipped the purse, empty, into my pocket, and replaced the drawer. Hilda glided away, and old Mercy appeared with a tray, as she did half a dozen times a day, feeding being inseparably connected with bereavement in the ideas of her class

"Do keep up and eat something, Miss Dorothy, dear," ran her well-known formula.

I complied. "Sit down and rest, Mercy," I said, for I was glad of the old woman's company, "and tell me, did you know my aunt when she was Miss Pelham?"

"Of course I did! I remember as if it was yesterday. The big house by the postoffice being done up, and the new brass plate on the little green gate, 'Messrs. Parker & Pelham, Surgeons.' And when I was told that the new doctor—old Mr Parker's nephew from Lon'on, he was—had got one daughter, a regular beauty, I says directly: 'She'll just do for our Master John!' And next Sunday there he was a-carrying her prayer-book home from church, like as if it were fate; and a lovely couple they made; and a church steeple and two lovers in the bottom of my tea-cup that very same evening, as sure as you're alive, Miss Dorothy!"

"So it was love at first sight, Mercy?"

"Well, maybe so. Everything was so suitable. Dr. Pelham had money and got all the country practice at once; and Master John's father and mother they wanted to see him settled with some one they knew; and the young lady wasn't likely ever to have met a finer young man anywhere than our Master John. And so it all came about quite Providential like."

"And they lived happy ever after." I ended the story for her, making a stray sunbeam dance on my teaspoon.

"Aye, that they did. Never a crooked word or a cross look between them that ever I see. And I lived with them married for 30 years, and with him mourning her faithful for 10—so I ought to know."

Mercy trotted away briskly with her tray, and I sat musing. Sweet garden sounds and scents stole in through the half-open window. A big bee, all yellow from the lily-bed, boomed sleepily in and out again; Mercy's big white cat was snuning herself on the top of the red brick front wall, and the chaffinches in the pear tree, who knew right well that she was too old and fat for bird-catching, were only pretending to be in a flutter at her neighborhood.

I felt at once with the calm, sunlit peacefulness, and Mercy's story, which seemed to belong to it, left the vague burden on my spirits heavier

A calm, prosperous life, mapped out by one's parents. A wife who loved her husband because he was the first comer. An existence bounded by the narrow limits of Fairdale society. A steadily increasing business and income, of little profit to a childless pair. Was it worth the pain of dying—was it worth the pain of living to have passed through this?

No mid-day shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon,

kept ringing in my head—a hymn of my childhood that always inspired me with doleful apprehensions respecting my future enjoyment of Heaven, supposing I did get there.

"Is that to be our life—here—on earth, I mean? We shall be comfortable beyond belief. Mother can have a big subscription at Mudie's, and try every new device in fancy work that the mind of man has invented. I shall go shopping at St. Bride's with a heavy purse and a light conscience. All our dear little makeshifts and contrivances are at an end. Hilda will marry the curate and reign at the rectory some day, and visit at the dean's and all the county families—" I dropped an angry tear, and, ashamed of myself, closed the shutter and left the room, crossing softly to the wide landing and entering the darkened chambers where the dead man lay in the stillness.

I gazed on his face; noble and stern in repose.

"You look strong enough to have made your life for yourself, not to have accepted it from the hands of others," I thought. "Good-bye, good-bye." I laid my hand gently on his cold forehead. As I did so the worn string of the bracelet gave way, and the beads slid from my wrist into the coffin. I could not regain them without disturbing the dead, and horror-struck, as at sacrilege, I fled away.

Hilda and I wished to go and see the last of our kinsman, but we found that the Old World views of Fairdale society were against the proposition, so we gave up the idea.

Everything was done in strict obedience to precedent, to the gratification of Mercy and Fairdale's opinion. We watched the gloomy procession forming from behind the closed shutters.

"Look at that woman by the steps, Hilda. Who can she be?"

"Some casual passer-by. It is not a Fairdale face. Ah! there is the coffin with our wreath of white roses. I do hope the people here won't think it popish."

"She is sobbing so pitifully! I wonder if it is anybody he has been kind to?"

"There is Sir John Hartley's carriage—yes, and the Crossholme carriage, and I believe the Earl is there himself—how very gratifying. Dear uncle! he deserved all the respect that could be shown him. Your woman, Dora? Oh, I dare say she has had some recent loss. She was in mourning, wasn't she?"

"She did not follow them—she went down the Crossholm Road."

In the afternoon I could bear the closed house no longer.

"Come to the churchyard, Hilda. No one will see us to be scandalized."

The Mallowdales had a vault under the raised chancel of the irregularly built old church. The entrance was already bricked up, and on a projection of the stone work hung a memorial wreath. Hilda looked at the tawdry white flowers and brilliant green tin leaves with much disfavor.

"I didn't think such a horrid thing was to be bought in Fairdale," she said. "It must have come from St. Bride's—sent as an advertisement by some of those new shops—rubbishy thing."

"Leave it there, Hilda. It may have been meant in kindness."

Hilda turned homewards.

"Let me stay longer," I pleaded. "I will just go through the copse as far as the Crossholm Road. I am pining for air and sunshine."

So I crossed the churchyard and lingered a few moments in the golden cornfields beyond. Then over the stile and down the dry, sandy path I plunged into the warm green shade of the fir trees. It was a little frequented path. I was almost startled to hear a child's voice crying, and before—a few paces in advance—a tall woman in black, sitting on a fallen tree. She rose up before I reached her and moved wearily on, trying to quiet the little child in her arms.

"She is young—she is old—quite old. Not a Fairdale person. She doesn't walk like a countrywoman. She isn't a tramp from St. Bride's." So I thought as I followed her. She suddenly sat down again, as if dead beat, and began to hush the child. "Hush, hush, Mimi, love! Granny can't carry you if you scream so."

"Grannie!" I said to myself in amaze. The little knob of hair behind was gray, certainly; but she wore a fringe and her dress was youthfully cut and trimmed with a picturesque sort of frillet tipped about her shoulders.

She looked full at me with, big dark eyes. Curiously attractive eyes, though red-rimmed and swollen. I stopped. Hilda was not at hand to consult as to the propriety of the doing, so I spoke.

"Your baby seems to be troublesome. Can I help you?"

"She is starving with hunger. I never thought I should not be able to buy a drop of milk in this village," she replied; politely slurring over an adjective uncomplimentary to my probable residence. "I never brought anything with me, thinking I should be sure to find shops, or, perhaps, a farmhouse; and now she must wait till I get her to Crossholme."

"To Crossholme!" I exclaimed, "What a journey! And you are taking the longest road."

"Well, it's the quietest," said the stranger, with an odd look. The child, who had been gazing open-mouthed at me, now recommenced her plaining. She was about two years old, very pretty, with eyes like Grannie's, looking through tangled rings of yellow hair. I knew Fairdale well enough to believe the woman's statement.

"I know where to get something," I exclaimed, with sudden recollection. "Wait here for ten minutes," and off I started at a run, back the the way I had come. Another path through the cornfield ended in Hobday's Farm, and Mrs. Hobday, kind soul, on hearing half my story, pressed me to help myself to half a gallon from a brimming pail, and then loaded me with a bunch of seed cake, a slice of sage cheese and a pocketful of rosy apples. Back I sped to my new acquaintance.

She was still rocking the crying child, whose mouth we stopped effectually with cake and milk, first thing; and then I broke down the bracken and made a little nest, where she sat, munching peacefully, while Grannie stretched her tired arms with a sigh of relief,

"She is my daughter's youngest child, and I thought a day out of London smoke would do her good. We must wait till 7 o'clock for our train at Crossholme," said she, wearily.

"You had better rest here then," I suggested, tossing the apples to Mimi. "This little one is getting drowsy. You can leave the milk can at the first cottage on the Crossholme road, as you pass."

"How good you have been to us! Thank the lady, Mimi." Mimi kissed the tips of her fingers with an airy little grace, though almost at the same moment her head nodded forward, and the wedge of cake dropped from her other hand. I loosened the ribbon of her big bonnet and tried to settle her comfortably, while Grannie continued, "And now please tell how much you paid for me."

I began to explain, but stopped, utterly amazed. She had put her hand in every pocket and drawn out a little, red leather purse, gilded, gilt clasped, with portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert still recognizable on the back; and the hand that held it was bracelet with a string of brown berries and garnet beads!

She tossed it into her lap and drew forth another, a big and useful purse. Then something in my looks struck her.

"I don't suppose you ever saw a purse like that. It was bought at St. Bride's, at Bride's Fair, years before you were born. The Queen was just married, and they were all the fashion."

I don't know what made me do such a thing, but I drew from my pocket the fellow purse to hers, found in my uncle's old bureau and held it out to her. She looked at it and then at me, with white cheeks and scared eyes.

"What is it? Do you know me? Are you *his* daughter?"

"I am John Mallowdale's neice. Who are you, and what brings you here?"

"Oh! I have done no harm! I have broken no promise, I feel I must see him once more. John, *my* John!" and she burst into bitter weeping.

After a few moments she grew calmer, and, speaking with a sort of sad dignity that impressed me, said: "You must please listen to all the truth now, or else you will be making guesses, maybe, at a falsehood."

She took out her purse and opened it. There was a pocket in the green silk lining, from which she drew a small glazed card, "Mr. John Mallowdale," in print on it, and underneath, in my uncle's hand, "With respectful devotion." On the back of the card was scrawled, "To-morrow, dearest, at eight," and tied to it was a crumbling scrap of a dried flower.

Then she took my purse and looked in the corresponding pocket. There was a folded paper in it, from which a curl of dark brown hair slipped and uncoiled itself, dry and lustreless.

She laughed and unfolded the paper—an old playbill of the "Theater Royal, Crossholme."

Somebody's benefit appeared in large capitals, and far down the bill one name in small print was underlined with broad black strokes, "Miss Millicent Tracy." The same name appeared again as singing some song "in character," between the pieces, and again in the last performance. She looked at the worn, crumbled little slip tenderly.

"Yes, he staid to the very end of that stupid little farce to see me," she murmured.

"Are you Miss Tracy?" I asked.

"Mrs. de Vesci Trent," she replied. "You have heard of me, I dare say? No?—with a look of surprise in her fine eyes—"Well, I have worked my way into some little renown since those dear, happy Crossholme days when I was a mere slip of a girl, with nothing but bright eyes and a tolerable voice to recommend me."

"Where did Uncle John meet you?"

"At the theater, of course. I saw him directly in the stage-box, with a number of other young gentlemen. I had never seen such a bright, handsome country boy's face before, and he looked so interested in all of it! 'Romeo and Juliet,' for Mrs. Delancy's benefit. I was the Count Paris's page, and had plenty of time to look about me. You see I had never been out of London before, Crossholme was the first town on our provincial circuit. He stayed to the very end of that rubbishy farce; and next day at rehearsal there he was with old Delancy. That was the manager—my uncle. I lived with him and his wife—good old souls! How they and everybody else joked me about my admirer."

She reseated herself on the tree stump, her lap filled with the poor relics of her past, her day of youth. A shaft of light athwart the soughing pine boughs struck and broke and danced on her shabby old gown and the aged, wrinkled fingers, round one of which she was twining idly the long nut-brown curl of hair. I felt dizzy with the medley of incongruous ideas that she had raised in my mind. Uncle John, a "gay, handsome country boy," whose dead face, as I saw it in his coffin, still haunted me, grim and silent. Hardly still to link memories of love and admiration, songs and dances to the actual sight of the gray, old face before me. Her dark eyes flashed suddenly upon me as I mused.

"Don't be afraid of a long story. Mine was short enough. Meetings, compliments, bouquets, and a formal proposal at the end of a week. Old Mr. Mallowdale and his wife were away, you see, and that was how Master John came to be all by himself in Crossholme. Do you see that card? It was fastened to the bouquet he threw me one Saturday night. We were to go out again for the Sunday as an engaged couple. Fancy our holiday. A start in a chaise in the early morning, and a long drive through the fresh country lanes to breakfast at a farmhouse, and then on to Filby Ness. Do you know it?"

"The pretty headland and bay about 10 miles off? Yes."

"Well, think of seeing the sea there for the first time in your life, with your first sweetheart beside you! We played on the sands like two children, picked shells, repeated all the poetry we knew till we were tired, and then found an alder thicket where we unpacked our picnic hamper. After dinner we set to work seriously to discuss our prospects. We agreed, I remember, that if my beauty, virtue and talents did not melt the hearts of his stern parents, he was to forsake all—actual clerkship and possible partnership—for me, and under my able tuition rise to fame and fortune as an actor, specialline to be decided thereafter. The bells were ringing for afternoon service in the little church close by. We went and sat hand in hand on a gravestone, with our feet in the sweet long grass, and kissed and settled to be married in that church and no other. Oh, what a sweet, silly, sunshiny time! Laugh, if you care to at the notion."

"No, no, not for worlds," I exclaimed earnestly. I was strangely interested in this odd woman, with her sweet, voluble utterance; now checked by a sob, now by a half-cynical laugh. Little Mimi was asleep; her head on my knee.

"My story ended next morning. Delancy received a visit from old Mr. Mallowdale that threw him into a violent passion, and made him weep over me and use bad language about John till I was utterly miserable and scared. After rehearsal he dragged me off to the White Hart, and there in the coffee-room was a fierce old gentleman who said many things I don't care to repeat. He belonged to a school that didn't hesitate to clothe coarse ideas in strong language when occasion required. I thought of John, and held my ground against him easily enough. John sent me encouraging notes, and appeared night after night pale and stern in his box; but Delancy forbade any nearer meeting.

"Then one day I had a very different visitor; your grandmother, my dear, and a very clever woman she was! Bless you, it makes me laugh and cry now to think how she turned and twisted poor little me round in her delicate finger in no time. She appealed to my generosity, my love for John, my pity for her, his broken-hearted mother!

"When I saw her, a real fine lady, I recognized for the first time how great the social distinction between us was. And when I saw her grief, her dignity, her green satinet pelisse and leghorn bonnet, with three ostrich feathers, all prostrate before me, calling on my magnanimity to save her boy if I loved him, what could a romantic chit like me do but say, 'Madame, I love your son far too well to work him any ill. We part from henceforth, forever!' So she cried and I cried, and she offered me a bracelet and a hundred pounds, and I would take neither (and was sorry for it afterwards.) Then she kissed me and blessed me and went away taking with her a shabby little note of farewell to Johnson his only present to me of any value, a bracelet. He gave it to replace one of mine, like this, which he had carried off and vowed to keep till death. Ah! where is it now, I wonder?"

I knew; but was silent.

"I kept the purse that he had bought me one day for a fairing, and a whistle he cut me in the elder wood. Mimi plays with it now. Delancy's company left Crossholme next week, and three years after I married Barker, our leading low comedian, otherwise de Vesci Trent. We got on pretty happily He died before I was 20, and I have worked hard for myself and baby ever since. I never heard again from John (though somehow when an unexpected bit of luck fell in my way now and then I fancied his hand was in it) till nine years ago, one cold wintry day, his name was announced, and a gray headed gentleman, very like the one who frightened me so many years ago at the White Hart, walked in."

"The year of Aunt Anne's death!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. He was free, so was I, and he had come to make me his wife, if I would."

"You refused!"

"Ah! child! child! What had he or I in common with the boy or girl who made love among the daisies and buttercups at Filby? Our lives had grown too far apart to meet now without a strain. Then we were boy and girl, with our future to make together. Now we were old man and woman, b

her hair. Her grandmother, who had been rummaging in an old trunk in the closet, came out with something hanging over her arm.

"See, Cassa," she said, displaying a rich brocade satin of a lovely violet color; "this was my wedding dress."

"Oh, how beautiful," said Cassia.

"My mother died only a few months after my marriage. I put on mourning then, and laid this away in a trunk, for somehow I could not bear to give it away, as I did my other dresses. I have never worn it since. There is a hat and a pelisse that went with it. You could not wear those, but I think you might put this on under my black silk circular. I'd love to have you married in it, but I'm afraid you'll think it too old-fashioned."

"No, you dear, blessed old grandma; I'd love to be!" said Cassia, kissing her. "But I can't take your things—indeed I can't!"

"You must, my child, and there's no time to lose. Come, slip on the dress. Why, it fits you beautifully. I'm not much taller than you."

"Just about my size," said Cassia. "Why, grandma, this isn't so very different from the æsthetic dresses some of the young ladies I know wear. I'll be married in this and nothing else—it seems so lovely to wear what you did. But, oh, what time is it?"

"Oh, it wants ten minutes of the time," said her grandmother, who was opening a drawer.

Cassia stood, a quaint, pretty little figure, in her low-necked, short-sleeved dress, with its narrow, plain skirt. Her grandmother brought out a dainty lace handkerchief, which she tucked into her neck, fastening it at the throat with a pearl pin.

"I used to wear it with this dress sometimes," she said. "You see it matches the lace in your sleeves. Now slip on this worsted jacket of mine, and this circular. Be quick, child; there's no time to lose now! There's a pair of long white kid gloves in the dress, and you can wear my black ones on the journey."

"Oh, but, grandma, if they find me with your circular on, what will they say to you?"

"Do as I tell you, my child. You have scarcely three minutes left. Ah, that's right! I will lay this dress and vail in my trunk for the present. They can be returned by and by."

"Yes, when you come to live with us in our dear little home," murmured Cassia. "Ah, yes, dear gradma, John was wish it as much as I; and we will make you so happy."

"God bless you, my darling!" She slipped a box into her hands, and felt they were cold as ice. "Bear up bravely, Cassia, for John's sake."

"I'll try, grandma," said the child, shaking like an aspen. "What's this?"

"The diamonds. John must send them to that man as soon as possible. Oh, my child, your shoes! Take these of mine, and you can twist this black lace vail round your head."

"I'll carry the shoes in my hand till I get out of the house," said Cassia.

"Yes, you had better. Good-bye, and God bless you!" Pressing a fervent kiss on the girl's cheek, she turned the gas down low, and taking her hand, led her to the door and opened it softly. With beating hearts they looked out into the hall; all seemed quiet as death.

Mrs. Henderson gave Cassia a gentle push. With noiseless steps the girl crept, trembling, along the hall and down a long flight of stairs in pitch darkness, for the servant had forgotten to light the gas. She was not sorry for this, of course, nor to find the butler's pantry equally dark and deserted.

Her heart beating high with mingled hope and fear, she closed the door softly behind her.

Like most of the houses on the avenue, Mr. Henderson's was surrounded by a large garden. Slipping on her shoes, Cassia softly opened the window and climbed upon the sill. In an instant she felt herself lifted in two strong arms, and set gently upon the ground.

"Close the window," she whispered, tremulously. John shut it down as noiselessly as possible, then putting his arm around her, stole swiftly toward the side gate. Well for them the servants were too much engaged in talk to hear any noise outside.

Once in the street, John drew her arm through his and walked on in the fashion of ordinary mortals. He felt how she was trembling, and though pretty nervous himself, knowing the risk of discovery, tried by a tender word to reassure her. But Cassa was too frightened to speak, and only pressed his arm to silence him. Not till they were fairly in the carriage and driving away did she break out in a tone be wixt laughing and crying.

"John, what do you think?"

"What is it darling?" asked John, drawing her closer.

"I've got on grandma's dress—the dress she was married in! and, if you don't mind, I'm going to be married in it myself."

Nearly a year has passed away since John and Cassia's marriage. They live in a pretty house in the suburbs, surrounded by a garden, which in the Summer is bright with flowers, and shaded by three or four tall trees.

Grandmother Henderson lives with them, and her gentle, sunny presence is like a benediction in their home. As for the young couple, it is their joy to minister to her happiness in every way they can.

Cassia's housewifely talents have developed amazingly since her marriage, and she makes her home one of the sunniest, brightest places on earth.

Her father though very angry at first, though he did not for a moment doubt John's assurance that he did not discover Cassia's whereabouts till after their interview) forgave them after a while, and with his daughter Agnes spends many a pleasant hour in their cozy little home.

John is prospering in business, and as he likely to become a rich man some day, it is to be hoped his mother in-law and the other sisters will in time forgive him.

The old clock stands in the cozy parlor in John's cottage. It was the old lady's wedding gift to her "children." Doubtless it will be cherished by them all their lives, as one of their greatest treasures, and handed down as a precious heirloom through succeeding generations.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O.

No. 25.

MANY THINGS.

The horn blown in the morning at 7 or 8 o'clock called the workmen to breakfast, at 12 o'clock it was the dinner horn. It was never blown for supper, for labor in the field, or clearing, was always continued till sundown, or twilight, and even into the night, if the work was urgent. Supper was invariably eaten after night in the country, and a day's work was from the rising to the going down of the sun. Ten hours work was worth as much as 14 hours. Hours were not reckoned. In the absence of time pieces, there were sun marks to tell the time of day in clear weather; in cloudy days it was guess work. The sound of the horn at any other hour than those named, was a signal of distress, or trouble of some kind, or at the least that help was needed, and never failed to bring some of the nearest neighbors to see what was wanted. Thus, an accident of serious nature, or sudden and alarming sickness in the night time; was published by a few blasts on the horn somewhat prolonged. I have known a woman, when her husband was away, and a swarm of bees came off, to blow the horn; and it was thought no hardship at all for a man to leave his plow and walk half a mile or more and put them in the hive. Such acts of kindness among the early settlers were always cheerfully remedied and reciprocated.

The horns in use, in many families, and for many years, were improvised from the common cow's horn. This was done by sawing off the point, and then with a gimlet boring through to meet the natural hollow caused by withdrawing the bone; and this opening with the gimlet was afterwards enlarged somewhat, with the burning iron, an implement with which most families were provided. Cow's horns thus prepared made an excellent substitute for the tin horn, or trumpet; and blown by a strong pair of lungs could be heard long distances.

The forests, at an early day, abounded with wild bees. They usually sought the hollow in trees far up from the ground. Many trees were hollow about the forks, with always an opening for the ingress and egress of the bees. Trees were sometimes found to contain two or three washtubsful of rich honey. Many of the first settlers got their start in a stock of bees by cutting out the section containing the swarm and setting it up in the yard, and found no difficulty in domesticating the young swarms.

Hunting bee trees was an art that was practiced by many, and in which some men became experts. It was called "coursing bees." There were two principal methods—one from the flowers; the other from the honey comb. With the first coming in of warm Spring weather, the willow bushes that fringed the ponds out on the prairies put out their flowery buds, of which bees were very fond. There they came on warm days to gather the pollen, and some times in vast numbers. The bee hunter took his position near enough to learn the direction from which the bees were coming and going. Having found that out he advanced to near the timber and made another stand. The bee, when his legs were loaded with pollen, flew with a dull humming sound that could be heard for some distance. If they entered the timber low down, their home was near; if they rose above the tree tops, they had some distance to go. In either case the hunter followed the sound, making short stages, until at last he was rewarded by the buzzing of the bees about the hole where they went in and out, and where he could also see them. He then put his mark on the trunk of the tree, which was generally done by cutting the initials in the bark. It was then his bee tree, and these rights of discovery were respected. It was held to be a very mean theft to steal a bee tree. Late in the Fall the tree was chopped down, and the honey taken. But trees found in the Spring of the year were sometimes cut and hauled in, from which to propagate. It made no difference who owned the land, the finder of a bee tree was, with rare exceptions, accorded the right to cut it; and the man who objected, or prosecuted for so doing was voted a mean man by the common consent.

In like manner, coursing bees from buckwheat fields and wild prairie flowers were practiced. Coursing from the burned or scorched honey comb, was successful at any season, but more so in the Spring, when there were few flowers. The empty comb was partially burned on hot coals, and then placed on plates or boards, and set out in the open air, it might be in the door yard, or carried to the woods or prairies; the bees were not long in finding it. The bee-comb was made from the pollen of flowers, and from the old comb worked over, but exactly how the honey and bee-bread were manufactured, or from what, is probably not yet well understood.

There were few settlers who did not have bees in their yards. The hives were called "bee-gums," and were for the most part made of sections of medium sized hollow trees. The inside was burned out over a brisk fire, and then the coal scraped off so as to leave a hard smooth surface. A top was nailed on, generally of clap-boards, and a cross pin put through the center, by which the honeycomb was sustained. The gums were set in rows on benches along the inside of the yard fence. I have seen a hundred and more in one yard. In the Fall, the heaviest gums were selected for honey. The bees were killed by setting the gum over a match of burning brimstone, generally placed in a hole dug in the ground. The life of a swarm of bees was considered of no value. Bee gums were also some times made of braided straw. It was believed that to rub the inside of the gum with green hickory leaves attracted a fresh swarm to stay in it, and this was nearly always done.

Bees have some unaccountable habits. The usual time of swarming was 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning. When they were mildly disposed, they settled low down, and waited to be hived; but if they settled high upon a tree, they were cross, and difficult to manage. But a swarm that came off after 12 o'clock invariably ran away, as it was called. They were moreover cross, and would sting every person that came near them, even when they were flying through the air. Such a swarm always flew wild, scattering over a wide space, while a friendly swarm kept close together. They were sometimes induced to settle by beating pans and throwing loose dirt among them, and were gotten into a gum, but they never failed to come and the next day, and the next, and finally escaped to the woods. When they finally got ready, they rose high in the air, with one accord, and were out of sight, and hearing almost in the twinkling of an eye. They probably had their tree selected beforehand. It was impossible to know anything more than the facts of their running away. Nothing could induce them to stay. Different gums were tried, with all the attractions that could be devised, but to no purpose.

It was understood that every properly regulated swarm of bees had a king; so that bee was called; but in no instance more than one. Why it was called king is hard to say, for it was the female, and the only female of the colony, and deposited all the eggs in the cells. It was a long, wasp-like bee, and was readily distinguishable with the eye, being nearly double the length of the workers. Those who took pains to observe said, that when a young colony came out from the parent stand, this queen, as we will call her, came out first, and that all the others followed as rapidly as they could get out of the little openings at the bottom of the gum, and also that she was the first to light on the limb, when the swarm at once began to center about her, and were soon collected in a bunch. They furthermore said, that while the swarm was circling through the air, she was always near the center. In a few instances swarms were known to leave their new gum on the following day and return to the mother hive, and remain several days before again coming out. For this no reason could be given. In one instance it was found, in hiving a swarm, that the queen had been killed. The bees hovered about her for a time, when she was found and tied to the cross stick, and the bees went in; but on the following day they abandoned the gum and went back to the parent stand.

Exactly what economy the drones fulfilled in the colony was never known, but they were found in every hive in the early part of Summer. They were a heavy bodied bug-like bee, and had no sting. They were never known to leave the hive more than a few yards. They flew with a humming sound, and could always be distinguished, both by their size and the noise they made. After the swarming season was over, the working bees fell upon them and killed them, and then threw them out on the ground.

Humor.

Pathetic Story of a Parrot.

Cork Examiner.

There is a fruit and poultry dealer in Town who owns a talking parrot, and the quaint, philosophic utterances of the wise looking creature furnish much amusement to passers-by. The parrot talks incessantly, and the owner some months ago refused a large price offered for him by a married man, who said he wanted it as a sort of a stand-off for his wife. The poultry dealer positively refused to sell, however, but confidentially remarked to the other: "Fact is, that's what I keep the parrot for myself. When anybody starts in scolding, you observe, that bird always gets furious, and takes the first hand in the jawing match. Nobody else can get in a word edgeways, and if you swear at her, why you'd think you'd woke up half a dozen angry bullwhackers. No, sir, he added, looking sympathetically at the other married man, "I won't part with that bird for any other, but I'll set up the bear for you."

An oviparous story is told concerning the parrot, the burden of which falls, as a matter of course, upon an Irishman. He had never seen a bird of the kind before, and had been listening for half an hour to its wise sayings, with the keenest interest, not unmixed with awe.

"It's a quar, wondherful burd, entirely Do she lay anny eggs?" he asked of the marketman.

"Oh, yes; once in a while," replied the owner, who saw a chance to amuse himself.

"Could you sell me an egg from that burd?"

"Yes, if you come here in a day or two I'll have one for you," said the poultry dealer, and the inquirer went away highly pleased. He was back again on the second day and asked for the promised egg. The dealer had forgotten the circumstance till now, but to carry out his joke walked to the back part of his store, and picking up an egg out of one of the nearest boxes, wrapped it up in paper and handed it to Paddy, who cheerfully paid the 40 cents demanded and departed with a smile of satisfaction.

Two or three weeks passed before the poultry dealer saw his egg customer again, and then he noticed him one morning standing on the sidewalk and gazing at the parrot with a half-sorrowful, half reproachful air. Presently he stepped up to the dealer and whispered:

"Luk here, misther, does that burd o' yours run around much o' nights?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," replied the dealer, with difficulty repressing a grin, as a suspicion of what was coming floated across his mind; "perhaps she may hop out into the back yard sometimes."

"Lemme give yez a pinter on that burd," said the Irishman, in a sepulchral whisper. "There's a duck been l'aiding her asthray."

The Old Darky's Idea of Religion

Detroit Lime Kiln Club.

"I want a religun, my friends," said Brother Gardiner, "dat kin stan' temptashun. I want one dat kin meet Satan at de doah of a circus an' knock him colder dan a wedge. I want one dat will let me play euchre an' yet keep me from cheatin'. I want one dat will go wid me to de theater an' enjoy what am good an' condemn what am bad. I want a religun widout any dyspepsia or liber complaint in it. If it am de sort ob a religun dat a dance am gwine to peel off, I want to know it in time to look fur a kind dat will stick by me frew thick an' thin. A pusson who am afeard dat de minit he begins to smile, his religun will begin to crack like new varnish, must be in an uncomfortable state o' mind. Let me be tempted, if my religun am strong nuff to resist I shall have the glory of victory. If it am not, let me ax fur forgiveness an' tighten up de bolts an' try again. Be good. Respect de church. Reverence true Christianity an' try an' foller de teachins ob de good book, but be keerful how you clothe yerselves in armor dat will be shibered by de sounds ob a fiddle an' fall to de ground at de sight ob a circus profeshun."

Wanted Him Twice.

Wall Street News.

A Nebraska Sheriff who was on a train coming East from Omaha the other day fell into conversation with a New Yorker, and finally admitted that he was in pursuit of a broker.

"A broker—for what?"

"Oh, one of our smart towns was getting ahead so fast that it must needs send to Chicago for a broker. It wanted him bad and he came. He opened an office, put in a ticker, displayed quotations, and made about $20,000 in six weeks."

"How?"

"Well, that's what they want him the second time for—they want to ask how."

"Well, a little. I think if a chap should come through there offering to sell tickets to Heaven at $2 for the trip he could get a man to put down a nickle in advance. They'd expect to be side-tracked somewhere about half-way."

"By Gosh! It's a Telephone."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A well-to-do but unsophisticated farmer from one of the border counties of Indiana, was in the City lately, attending the Fat Stock Show, and brought along his wife and daughters to see the sights and do some shopping. Among other places they visited was at Mandels' new store, and after wandering around the first floor for a while the party came to a stop near the elevator.

One of the daughters was first to discover the cars moving silently up and down, receiving and discharging their cargos of passengers. She jerked her father's coat-sleeve to direct his attention to the phenomenon, and, in a tone that was audible to the clerks in the neighborhood, asked:

"What's that, paw?—that thing going up and down, with sofys in it?"

The old man gave the elevator a long, calm, deliberate, scrutinizing stare, and exclaimed with joy:

"By gosh! it's a telephone! the first I ever see!"

The Bigger Fool.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"When I married you," said Mrs. Pepperton to her husband, "I thought that you were a sensible man, but I have discovered that you are a fool."

"Let's see," the husband mused, "we have been married five years, haven't we?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say that we have."

"And you married me under the impression that I was a sensible fellow?"

"Yes."

"And you have just discovered that I am a fool?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, you were a long time in making this discovery, which proves that you are a bigger fool than I am. Another thing in my favor is that I knew you were a fool or you wouldn't have consented to marry me."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered.

"Two weeks," replied the elderly man.

"Front!" cried the clerk; "show the gentleman to parlor B. Fifteen dollars a day, sir."

"Third wife," calmly said the guest.

"Oh, excuse me. Front, show the gentleman to 824 back. Take the elevator. Four dollars a week, sir."

He Read the Papers, He Did.

One of the cute old fellows: "Be you a reporter?" asked a Cape Cod man of a Boston *Globe* scribe whom he saw writing in a book at the Old Colony depot. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, I've just had a narrow escape. Just before I got here a chap came through the car with a ring filled with checks and wanted 50 cents in advance to deliver my baggage anywhere here, but he didn't catch your Uncle Ezra. I'm too sharp for them confidence chaps. I read the papers, I do."

Christmas Expectations.

"Can I hang up my stocking Christmas eve, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; if you are a real good little girl."

"Oh! won't that be nice! Will Santa Claus put a piano in it?"

"You musin't talk that way, darling."

"Why, mamma? Is it naughty?"

"No, dear; but if anybody should hear you ask such a question they might think you were a Chicago girl."

Very Shortsighted.

Philadelphia Evening Call.

Pennsylvanian—"I see that a Buffalo man has spent $3,000 boring for water and has not got a drop yet."

Kentuckian—"Boring for what?"

Pennsylvanian—"For water."

Kentuckian—"Great Uranus! $3,000 spent in boring for water! Why, he could have started a distillery on half that."

Proverbs.

Somerville Journal.

"I don't take much stock in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Mine are the friend that is not in need."

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Henry County, Georgia, has not had a hanging within its border since 1837.

Something over 200,000,000 glasses of beer were drunk in Cincinnati during 1882.

California has 900 churches of all denominations, and about $1,000,000 of inhabitants.

Prince Bismarck's son, now in the Legation in London, receives great attention in the highest English society.

The Mormons have raised a general contribution of $2 a head to test the constitutionality of the Edmunds act.

King Louis, of Bavaria, has commanded a series of private performances of "Parsifal" for his own special gratification.

Very few women are employed on the London newspapers. This is one of the neatest compliments the women have ever received.

This was the very concise verdict of a Coroner's Jury in Idaho: "We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Watlings a liar."

The Denver *Medical Times* says that there are more physicians in that City, in proportion to the population, than in any other in the United States.

There is a clock in good running order in the postoffice in Monmouth, Or., which was brought across the plains in 1852, and has been running ever since.

The Granite State's hatching house in Plymouth, N. H., has about 40,000 salmon eggs that were taken from 12 fish. The house has also about 50,000 trout eggs.

Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, is crowded nowadays, says a correspondent, with bridal couples, come on their wedding tour to see the sights of the National Capital.

Lord Lorne announces that he will publish in book form what he knows about Canada. The tiny little souvenir will probably be sold as a Chrismas present for children.

Mme. Modjeska sardonically remarks that there is no such thing as art in Cincinnati. Evidently the madam has never seen one of Cincinnati's amateur tenors stick a pig in one time and two motions.

Here is a man who only wants $20,000 for the loss of an arm, which was taken off by a locomotive. Very reasonable. We have known a young lady who considered her hand alone worth twice that amount.

Nearly all the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are good whist players. They and their families have organized into a whist party, which meets every Saturday evening. Justice Miller is said to be the finest player in the troupe.

Moses Waterman, who has charge of the labor and supplies of the Panama Canal, says that enterprise will be finished in 1889. The men employed on the work number 8,000, and to these 6,000 Japanese laborers are to be added next month.

The graves of the Pilgrim Fathers who came over in the Mayflower and were buried during the first Winter have just been discovered near Plymouth. Only two skeletons were found. The rest are supposed to be scattered among the dime museums.

Patti's diamonds are worth $200,000, but most of them were presented to her, three kings and one queen being among the givers. This is not the first time, as a few of our readers can doubtless testify, that three kings and a queen have been turned to advantage.

The will of Kate Townsend, the courtesan who was killed in New Orleans recently, has just been admitted to probate. Curiously enough, the fortune of over $200,000 which she had accumulated, is left in a bulk to the ruffian who killed her, and who is now in jail to stand trial for the crime.

Herr Krupp, of Essen, has just taken out a patent on a flat-headed artillery projectile. It tapers slightly at the butt, and not only pierces the plates more easily than the pointed kind, which are apt to deflect when striking iron at certain angles, but it is calculated to hit the ironclads below the water line.

A scientist says the reason kissing is so pleasant is because the teeth, jaw-bones and lips are full of nerves, and when the lips meet an electric current is generated. We were aware that it took considerable nerve to kiss a pretty girl the first time, but now we understand why so many fellows succeed in doing it.

Lotta has made her appearance in London, and between her and Minnie Palmer the visitors are rapidly becoming acquainted with the highest phrase of American art, which, as all well-informed Americans know, is striped all the way up, and is fastened above the knee by either a garter or a suspender.

Mr. George Augustus Sala says: "The esteemed squaw, my great-grandmamma, came from Brazil and married a Portuguese person, whose daughter, married at Rio Poneiro, married a Pole who had emigrated to Demerara; and on the paternal side my ancesters were anchient Romans."

The Texas papers state that Capt. Crouch, a prominent cattle dealer, was reading the morning paper at a hotel table, when his eyes fell on the paragraph telling of the murder, near Jackson, Mich., of his aged father, his sister, and her husband. He fainted, and was conveyed to his room unconscious.

A man in Washington Territory recently saw a tree of large size which grew beside his house begin to fall toward it. With the speed and strength of desperation he rushed to the house, seized his wife and carried her from under the falling trunk. The house was crushed, but a child in the cradle was uninjured, though the cradle was broken.

Mr. Evarts, the ex-Secretary, recently wrote to Hinton R. Helper, commending the "Great American Railway" scheme of that genius. Mr. Evarts insisted that he would go Mr. Helper one better—the time would come when a traveler could ride by rail from Buenos Ayres to Paris, barring the short boat ride of 30 miles across Behring Strait.

Not in royal attire—Calico prints. Never say dye to a Summer duster. Personal canvass—A pair of overalls. "Out of sight, out of mind"—The little fly in a mince pie. A great writer says: "Petty singularities are proofs of a little mind, instead of an originality of genius." Cranky old bachelors should make a note of this.—*New York Morning Journal.*

"Two hundred and twenty-seven bills were introduced into Congress the first day's session." "Just think of it!" remarked Mrs. Simple; "is it not ridiculous? These congressmen get salaries big enough, I should think, to pay as they go. Two hundred and twenty-seven bills! For things they got last year, of course. For my part, I think it's positively scandalous."

Boucicault says that "there has not been a play written for the past 25 years that will be extant in English literature 50 years hence." He is probably correct; at least, so far as the plays written by Dion Boucicault is concerned. What's that you say? "He never wrote any?" Well, well; adapted, then, if that'll suit you better. But what's the use being so particular about a word?

The Prince of Wales' eldest son having fallen in love with a beautiful American girl, his father promptly ordered his trunk to be packed and sent him off to Cambridge. Having finished this good deed he remarked with a Church of England look in his fat, Guelph eyes: "If there's anything that makes me mad it is to see a young man dead gone on a pretty woman."

"I didn't want to kill the fellow," said a young man to his father. "I wasn't afraid of him, and I gave him to understand that I wasn't. You see we were standing in front of the saloon when the quarrel arose. He called me a liar, and I knew that there were only two chances left for me—shoot him or run." "What did you do?" "Well, you see, as I didn't have a pistol I had to take the other chance."

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

There is a boom in Miss Edgeworth's literature.

"The Tories of the Revolution" is a timely publication by a descendant of one of the great original Dutch tradesmen.

"Ouida" is about to take to the Church. Of course she cannot write any more novels about wicked guardsmen and such.

The biggest snake story of the season is told by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in regard to a new statue by R. S. Browning.

"La Fee," by Octave Feuillet, a delightful little one-act comedy, is the latest addition to William B. Jenkin's series of French drama.

The Princess Alice has got into print. What has the unhappy woman done that she should needs be dragged from her peaceful grave to be jeered at by the Saturday Scarifier.

Way Suffer Pain?

When by using the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., the chances are all in favor of your getting prompt relief; especially if the pain has its origin in nervous derangement. In Neuralgia, sick headache, and the various affections of which these are among the most distressing, this new treatment acts with remarkable promptness. Write for pamphlet giving information about this Treatment, and it will be sent.

FOR THE LADIES.

The girls of the period have now "taken up" art and the sciences for a while.

For a society girl's debut nowadays it is necessary to hire a hall over a fashionable restaurant.

Miss Maud Banks, daughter of Gen. N. P. Banks, denies that she intends or wishes to go upon the stage.

It is said that Mme. Theo is just now turning the heads of all Paris. She must be wearing a stunning new bonnet on the street.

"I was only footing one of your late bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

Daggers and swords are fashionable stuck through the back hair. They should be of silver or gold. Some have bells attached.

Sleeveless bodices will not be worn this Winter. Small sleeves of lace will be worn, and the glove will, in every instance, be long enough to reach it.

Hairpins made of pure steel are coming in fashion. When the hair is coiled on the crown of the head, an amber prong is the proper ornament for it.

Camel's hair shawls are not fashionable arranged as dolmans. They are worn now with dresses of black satin, and are folded so that the end at the back will almost touch the ground.

Young ladies, for the street, wear tight-fitting jackets of Jersey cloth, trimmed down the front with bands of undyed beaver or Astrakan. The latter always matches the cloth in color.

Already it seems to be understood that nobody who is anybody will "receive calls" on New Year's Day, which, to quote a Murray Hill dame, will be left to "East Side fellows who draw salary Saturday night."

On the occasion of a forthcoming rosebud ball at New York, there will be a canopy of roses from one end of the saloon to the other, held in place by gold and silver wire. Florists in Philadelphia, Boston and Washington have special orders for the occasion.

Apropos of the riot occasioned by the discovery that Maggie Mitchell has a poverty-stricken sister, it is developed that Maggie wears a strawberry mark on her left arm. This demonstrates that the venerable actress now combines all the qualifications—age, durability and inscriptions—of an Egyptian obelisk.

Miss Chamberlain, the Cleveland beauty, is said to be engaged to young Peter Algernon Brown, the oldest son of John Brown, the Queen's immortal flunkey. The Queen is said to be delighted. Young Brown is a very manly fellow, is 24 years of age, and an officer in Her Majesty's household. It is understood that as soon as the date of the marriage is agreed upon Brown will be Knighted and promoted in the Queen's service.

The fronts of some of the newly imported toilets designed for receptions, and made of satin, are of a mass of heavy appliques and fringes, the latter so rich and heavy as to cost $20 a yard. It is information of this kind that makes the average newspaper man take off his diamonds when he goes to rest his intended, and dwell with great felicity of language upon the delights of love in a suburban boarding house on $600 a year. He feels that he does not discharge all of his duty to society in writing for the newspapers.

Two ladies fresh from the æsthetic circles of Philadelphia were visiting the British Museum. One of them was fat without being fair, and closely hugging 60. The other was fair without being fat, and might have been 20. The daughter had entered the gallery of Greek statues, taken one hurried glance and returned covered with blushes.

"Don't be a fool, what's the matter with you, Hannah—why don't you go in?" said her mother, giving the girl a push.

"Oh—no—not yet," protested the trembling creature, "I couldn't do it, mamma. They've been bathing the statues and haven't put on their clothes yet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Fashionable Follies.

Short stout walking sticks are now carried on promenade by the advanced girl of the period, who doesn't know why, either.

Glass lanterns depending from four corners of the dining room ceiling are the latest thing in the line of dinner-party illumination.

Many ladies are now at their wits' end to find a place where they can put something more in the way of polished brass in their houses.

A plush-covered bellows must now hang by a bit of satin ribbon at the side of the open fireplace. Any quantity of hired girls have been discharged for using it.

The old silver cake basket, of the kind Martha Washington's family used to bring out for Sunday's tea, comes into fashion again along with other table furniture of the Revolutionary period. Base imitations of these cake baskets used to be shot for as prizes by target companies.

Mr. Jim Jones, of Jimjonesville, who is very rich and lives now in New York, has sent an agent to England to examine Tennyson's library with a view to reproducing it in his own house in furniture, style and arrangement. This is the latest in "social enterprise."

In furs the most fashionable are otter, fox, beaver, sealskin and lynx. Sable and mink, once so much sought after, according to a leading furrier, are now seldom seen. Chinchillas are chiefly used for children. No doubt all the "neglected furs" will come into fashion again in future seasons.

Koumiss is now the drink among ladies who wish to get fat, or at least to have a comely degree of rotundity. It is not exactly the koumiss of the Orientals, but is made of cow's milk, sugar and yeast, shaken and then left to ferment. It tastes like buttermilk, and has fizz and sparkle. Those who have confidence in the fat producing qualities of this mixture, drink a pint a day, and then run around to the nearest grocery store and get weighed.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Sen. Fair, of Nevada, is worth $18,000,000.

Julian Hawthorne is writing a novel for a Boston paper.

Herr Rubinstein is still in danger of losing his eyesight.

Joe Jefferson considers his lost voice only a "little bad cold."

Col. Tom Ochiltree is telling his old stories to new Congressmen.

George Washington's autograph was recently sold for only $12.

Gen. Jubal Early's face is all twisted out of shape with the rheumatism.

Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, though 80 years of age, is still handsome and robust.

King Kalakaua wears a straw hat all the year round. Maybe he has been betting on Butler.

Sec. Lincoln has a more elegantly appointed office than any other member of the Cabinet.

Carl Schurz is still editing the piano and playing on the New York *Evening Post* between times.

Dion Boucicault thinks the West is a great place. The Western folks will undoubtedly agree with him.

Wilkie Collins' works are being translated into the Bengal tongue. Now for three cheers and a tiger.

James Wintersmith, the door-keeper of the present House at Washington, is the son of a famous Kentucky wag.

Matthew Arnold is described as a "terror" in conversation, and continually maddens his interlocutor with "Aw—well, now."

Isaac Sprague, the living skeleton, has been married seven times. Nothing reduces a man's weight so rapidly as constant fear and worry.

Mason positively refuses to go to a dime museum. He thinks a soldier who shot at a prisoner under his charge should be worth not a penny less than 15 cents admission.

Tennyson gets $20,000 a year from his publishers. This seems like a big price for a year's poetry, but it must be remembered that of late years Tennyson hasn't written any poetry.

FOUR LITTLE ONES.

Sunday-school teacher to pupil: "Nellie, you will please find the book of Esther." Nellie, jumping up: "Yes'm; what shelf is it on, please?"

"Mamma, can't the leopard change his spots?"

"No, dear."

"But why can't he?"

"That's the way God made him, love."

"But, mamma, who brings him something to eat?"

Mamma and Aunt Susan were talking about visiting Tremont Temple, to see the exhibition of psychology. "I've half a mind to go down and be mesmerized," said the latter. "Mamma," broke in Gracie, only four years old, "I want to go down and let him pulverize me."

"Pap, is Eli Mabell what you was just readin' about a girl?"

"No, Johnny; he's a man. His first name isn't spelled it double l; it has but one l to it."

"Well, then, if our Bill would spell his name with one l would she be a male, too?"

"No, child; no. What nonsense!"

MR. TALMAGE'S PULPIT.

A Miniature Farmer's Barn on the Platform of the Tabernacle.

New York Journal.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's pulpit yesterday had the appearance of a well-to-do farmer's barn. Behind his high, straight-backed chair were several sheaves of wheat, while on the side of it on a stand were a peck or so of apples and oranges. On the other side was a bale of cotton. Around the edges of the platform were hung red and white ears of corn with the shucks pulled back and tied with silken strings. The galleries were festooned with sea moss. Chandeliers were almost hidden by palms and twigs from all kinds of fruit trees.

Mr. Talmage had great difficulty in moving about the platform, owing to the labyrinth of green bushes in big green tubs and the ripe sheaves of wheat. Occasionally he was lost to sight behind some of these adornments. Once or twice in gyrating through his sermon he nearly knocked over one of the tubs and three times pricked his face with the thorns of a big cactus.

It was Communion Sunday, and over the organ were the words, "Gloria in Excelsis," and "Give thanks unto the Lord." In front of the pulpit a table was spread with bread and wine. When the clouds had cleared away the sun shone in through a widdow upon Mr. Talmage in his farm scene, and the effect was beautiful and real.

The text of Mr. Talmage's sermon was from John iv., 35: "Say not ye, there are yet four months, and *then* cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

As he concluded the text with "Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," Mr. Talmage made a graceful bow and waved his hands towards his country-like surroundings. He said that the hyperboream sows just after sunrise and reaps just before sunset, but that the day for him was of six months' duration. The spiritual harvest, he added, must be sown and reaped in a day of infinitely shorter length.

What Killed the "Sons of Malta."

In connection with the death of Gen. Steeman, who instituted the order of the Sons of Malta in Lafayette, the *Courier* gives an incident which it claims terminated the career of that order in the country. George Harding, an employee of the wholesale grocery establishment of Reynolds, Farl & Hatcher, a brave and brawny Scotchman, desired to become a member of the order, and the order was only too glad to take him in. A night was set apart for his initiation, and as he was a particularly powerful man, the gathering of the clans was unusually large. The initiation proceeded amid uproarious fun up the elevated railway and a plunge into the seething waters of the lake. A wet blanket was in the hands of a dozen strong men, in which the aspirant was tossed about until they became exhausted. Harding was an intensely earnest man, and took the initiation to be a serious affair. Being told by the Grand Conductor that from the elevated railway he should be plunged into a lake, he had contracted his muscles and nerved himself for the battle with the waves. When he struck the blanket the shock was too great for his nerves. He was taken to his home a paralytic. He lived a year, suffering intensely, and died in great agony. The order paid out over $3,000 in his behalf. All that medical skill could do was done, but to no purpose. He was a noble man, and bore his sufferings like a hero or a martyr. He never once complained or spoke harshly of those who caused it all. His sufferings and death were the death-knell to the Sons of Malta, not only in Lafayette, but throughout America.

An Idiotic Jehu.

London Sportsman.

Every one who has visited the City of Florence knows the appearance of that ridiculous American who may be seen any afternoon driving a brake with 14 horses along the banks of the Arno. Those who did not know that he was "Mr. Livingston, the wealthy and eccentric American," always took him for the proprietor of a circus. One heard strange stories about him. It was said his father had left him a large income coupled with the condition that he was never to drive more than nine pairs of horses simultaneously, and that he was heart-broken at the restriction. If this be true, the father had certainly more sense than the son. The latter was driving 10 pair this week, when the leaders took fright, and the whole stud ran away. I can imagine the consternation. Though I have seen this great American parading with his horses in and down the river, he never attained the speed of a London omnibus. The police were always looking at him in an aggrieved way. The fact is he had defied them. Over and over again he was entreated not to make a public nuisance of his stud, but no law had contemplated so much folly, and it was undignified to legislate for an eccentric person. Now his carriage is smashed to bits, and though he only got a few bruises I think the Lungarno is safe for the rest of the season."

The Signs are the Same.

New York Graphic.

When Rome was in its decline these were among its symptoms:

The elections were matters of annual bargain.

Palaces sprang up in the City and castles in the country. By the sea were villas, parks, fish ponds and game preserves.

Money was the one thought from the highest to the lowest.

Many Judges gave unjust decisions and juries gave corrupt verdicts.

The elections were managed by clubs and coteries.

Those who spent the most money were most certain of success.

Public spirit among the masses was dead or sleeping.

Certain avenues for money-getting were held as "Prizes of the State," being "in the gift of the people." These were sought after by means which demoralized both givers and receivers.

Really, most of these symptoms are recognizable in our day. Are we nearing the last stage of dissolution?

The Rose of New Jersey.

Geo. Alf. Townsend in New York Tribune.

You will sometimes see in the lower part of this City a man with eyes very near his nose, with a long, sloping face and gaunt, almost consumptive figure and demure, courteous address, yet keen as Patrick Henry's glance, though he does not always look straight at you. You behold in him a man who can look around a square corner and see the Presidency in the middle of the opposite block. His name is John Rhoderic McPherson—Carthaginian the name is—and he is the boss of New Jersey. Governor-elect Leon Abbett is his creation. New Jersey, as ex-Mayor Wickham remarks, may well furnish the next Democratic candidate, considering that New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are all essential to the Democracy; Mr. Wickham's idea was that ex-Gov. Randolph was the man; he has since said that McClellan might be revived. He overlooks John Rhoderic McPherson, age just 50. There is a ripe yet maiden age for you. Now I undertake to say that there is not a better politician in the country, as barrels go, than J. R. M. He has a seat in the Senate till 1889.

A Farewell.

Yonkers (N. Y.) Daily Record, November 23.

This is the last issue of the *Daily Record.* Yonkers does not take kindly to a daily paper and we do not propose to

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Math matical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of letters come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

A. B. C., Center Valley, Neb.: Write to Samuel French & Son, 38 East Fourteenth street, New York, for catalogue.

J. M. C., Lockwood, Mo.:
What is Judge Joseph Bradley's politics?
Republican.

W. W. S., Wolf Lake, Ind.:
What time is it in Chicago under the new system when it is 10 a. m. in New York?
Nine o'clock.

Reader, Holton, Kan.:
Please tell me where I can obtain instructions about patents.
Write to F. A. Lehman, Washington, D. C.

A. B. T., Remington, Ind.:
Please let me know how a person can find out about foods in this old country.
Write to the United States Consul of the district where your friends are supposed to be.

Inquirer, Decatur, Mich.:
What are medalets—of what made, etc.
Any piece of metal in the form of a coin, on which figures, etc., are embossed, but not intended for circulation as money.

W. T. Windsor, Ind.:
Will you please to plant black walnuts, so as to insure their growth.
It is best to cover the nuts with straw and earth to keep out rain, and in the spring plant where the trees are to stand.

A. W. D., Evansville, Wis.:
1. What is the meaning of sub-rosa? 2. What is the difference between a cyclone and a tornado? 3. Why is Bradlaugh not allowed to take his seat in Parliament?

1. Under the rose; privately. 2. Explained a few weeks ago. 3. Because he is an atheist.

F. A. V., Galena, Ill.:
1. To what creed does Cockling belong? 2. What is the population of the City of Washington? 3. To what creed does Sherman belong?
4. Please publish the piece "All Quiet Along the Potomac."

1. Presbyterian, we think. 2. 147,293. 3. What Sherman? 4. Published about a year ago.

L. F., (no postoffice):
1. What is the surname of the Royal family of England? 2. Are preachers of all denominations excluded from Girard College, Philadelphia? If not, why?

1. Wettin was the surname of the Queen's husband. 2. Yes. 3. It is one of the conditions of the will of Mr. Girard.

E. C. G., Framestown, W. Va.:
1. How many times has the capital of Louisiana been changed? 2. Where is Gen. Longstreet located? 3. What office does he hold? 4. What positions has he filled since the war?

1. Twice, at least. 2. In Georgia. 3. United States Marshal. 4. Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, School Commissioner, and perhaps other positions.

W. S., Eden, Ill.:
Were the Russian serfs sold with the land, or were they freed?
They were freed and given from five to 25 acres of land, for which they were bound to pay, during a stated number of years, a certain tax to the Government, which undertook to compensate the landowners.

W. A. T., St. Clair, Mo.:
How many soldiers were killed in the late rebellion—Federal and Confederate?
Federal—Killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,727; died of disease, 183,287; total died, 279,376; total deserted, 199,105. Confederate—Died of wounds or disease (partial statement), 133,821; deserted (partial statement), 104,428.

E. G., Fillmore, Mo.:
1. Please give me the address of Miss Susan B. Anthony. 2. Also the names of some papers edited by ladies.
1. Her home is in Rochester, N. Y., but she is preparing for the lecture field again. 2. We have no list at hand of papers edited exclusively by ladies.

E. H., Northfield, Minn.:
Will you please print the first, second and third propositions voted on at your last election?
The first proposed to give the Legislature power to license, or "regulate" the liquor traffic; the second was prohibition, pure and simple; both defeated. The other proposed amendment related to Courts and Judges, proposed by the Bar Association, which was adopted, but no two lawyers agree as to its effect.

J. C. C., Grantville, Ga.:
Could you give a cure for tape worm?
The common male-fern root is said to be a certain remedy, two or three drachms of the powdered root to be taken in the morning, no supper having been taken the night before. It generally sickens a little. A brisk purgative is to be given a few hours after, which sometimes brings off the worm entire; if not the same course must be followed at due intervals. The root should be recently gathered to insure success. Elm bark chewed and swallowed in moderate quantities is also recommended.

C. L. R., Oakland City, Ind.:
1. Please give the name and address of some of the nearest firms that manufacture machinery for planing mills. 2 Please tell me how to make a phosphorescent mixture.

1. Herbert Baker, Toledo, O. 2. Heat nitrate of lime till it melts; keep it fused for 10 minutes, and pour it into a heated iron ladle. When cool, break it into pieces, and keep it in a closely-stoppered bottle. After exposure to the sun's rays, it emits a white light in the dark. Or: Put calcined oyster shells in layers, alternately with sulphur, and heat strongly in a covered crucible for an hour. This is also luminous in the dark after exposure to the sun. Phosphorous bottles—Put 12 grains phosphorous with one-half ounce olive in a one-ounce phial, and place it, loosely corked, in a basin of hot water; as soon as the phosphorous is melted remove the phial, cork it securely, and agitate till nearly cold. On being uncorked it emits sufficient light in the dark to see the time by a watch, and will retain this property for some years if not too frequently employed.

C. C. A., Fort Smith, Ark.:
1. Which is the best manure or compost to use around peach and apple trees? 2. Is there anything that will kill "borers" without injuring the tree?
1. Wood ashes are recommended as the best by some writers. A well known gardener gives this advice: "I would urge the importance of a Spring dressing of ashes. If cultivators were to prepare turfs from tanners' bark, peat earth, coal-dust mixed with clay, cow manure, etc., and get them dried in the Summer season, these, by being preserved through the Winter, may be burned around fruit orchards while the trees are in blossom; and if the fires are properly managed, a smoke may be kept up by heaping on damp litter every night; this will prove pernicious to such insects as may reside in the trees, and the ashes being spread on the ground, will serve as a means of destruction to others. An orchard thus managed every year will need no other manure."
2. The apple-tree borer is said to deposit its eggs beneath the surface of the soil, and the worms are often to be found in the Spring of the year by digging round the tree and clearing away the earth to the roots, and may be taken out with a knife or gouge and destroyed. After the worms are removed the wounds should be covered over with grafting-clay and wood ashes mixed, and the earth then returned to the roots of the tree. Some use bricklayers' mortar early in the Spring around the base of the tree, so as to cover the part where the deposit is made, and prevent their attacks. There is no effectual way of preventing the borer working in trees, to a certain extent. But, by examining the trees every week, the borers may be cut out before they have entered the wood beyond the reach of a penknife. Young trees that are only a few years old are far more liable to be destroyed by the borer than old tree having a thick, hard and tough bark.

W. J. C., Auburn, Ind.: Send to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for catalogue of books.

J. B. Whitney's Crossing, N. Y.:
1. How do astronomers find the distance between the stars? 2. Give a description of the statue of Germania that was erected in Germany a few weeks ago.

1. By means of the transit circle, an astronomical instrument, and the telescope. 2. We gave the description, as furnished by te legraph all we have seen so far.

Subscriber, (no postoffice):
1. What course should a person writing poetry and wishing to sell the same, pursue? 2. What are the prices generally paid new writers?

1. Make application to high-priced literary papers or magazines. Newspapers are usually supplied (gratuitously) with more poetry than they can use. 2. There is no established price. That is a matter to be settled between the publisher and author.

J. H. K., Big Horn, Wy.:
1. Is school land offered at a fixed price to the occupyer, or is it put up to the highest bidder? 2 If so sold, is the occupier paid for his improvements?
1. Each State disposes of its school lands in the manner prescribed by its Legislature. 2. No one has any right to settle on school lands, and it is not likely any account would be taken of improvements.

J. D. W., Manistee, Mich.:
1. Do you think telegraphy is a good branch of business for a young man? Is there not always a demand for operators? 2. Where can I learn telegraphy?
1. It does not appear that the demand is very urgent, when two-thirds of the operators can strike without seriously crippling the business. Good operators get good pay, but they soon wear out. 2. There are schools in all the cities, supplied with instruments, etc., that make a specialty of turning out operators to order.

G. W. H., (no postoffice):
Why is Texas called the "Lone Star State?"
Texas is the only State which enjoyed a literally independent existence precious to its admission into the Union. During its struggle with Mexico, it adopted as an official seal a white or silver star of five points on an azure field, encircled by branches of the live oak and olive. Around the outer circle were the words, "Republic of Texas." With the exception of the words "Republic of," the seal was adopted after Texas became a State.

O. F., Xenia, O.:
1. To whom, and how much is the United States in debt? 2. Who was Maximilian, and why did he not succeed?
1. To bondholders, scattered all over the world. The debt statement is published in the BLADE every month. 2. The second son of the Archduke Francis Charles, of Austria, born July 6, 1832. He was induced to go to Mexico by Napoleon III., in 1864, under the name of Maximilian I. He soon lost the support of the clergy, was deserted by Napoleon, threatened by the United States, his followers defeated by Juarez, and finally, through the treachery of Col. Lopez, arrested and sentenced to death by court martial.

A. J. E., Elderwood, Iowa.
Please explain the origin of the Mardi Gras carnival.
Shrove tide (the days immediately preceding Ash Wednesday) was observed as a season of fasting and merriment, as far back as 1000, especially Shrove Tuesday, the eve of the long Lenten fast. The day is called Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) by the French, and Pancake Tuesday in English-speaking countries. In New Orleans, where Shrove Tuesday or Mardi Gras festivities are celebrated with great pomp and show, different societies, such as the "King of the Carnival," the "Mystick Krewe of Comus," the "Twelfth Night Revelers," the "Knights of Momus," etc., give entertainments and processions through the streets.

S. W., Ann Arbor, Mich.:
1. How many voters in the so-called Southern States? 2. Give the origin of the word "dude." 3. To what class of people is it applied?
1. There are 1,487,344 colored voters in the United States as follows:

Alabama	118,423	Montana	1,008
Arizona	2,252	Nebraska	844
Arkansas	48,857	Nevada	5,622
California	66,8 9	New Hampshire	237
Colorado	1,950	New Jersey	10,670
Connecticut	3,542	New Mexico	2,095
Dakota	641	New York	23,050
Delaware	6,356	North Carolina	100,418
Dist. Columbia	13,908	Ohio	21,706
Florida	25,480	Oregon	2,960
Georgia	58,071	Pennsylvania	20,894
Idaho	3,125	Rhode Island	1,886
Illinois	13,626	South Carolina	118,889
Indiana	10,749	Tennessee	80,137
Iowa	3,025	Texas	58,629
Kansas	10,705	Utah	695
Kentucky	58,642	Vermont	314
Louisiana	102,997	Virginia	128,257
Maine	604	Washington	3,419
Maryland	48,584	West Virginia	6,884
Massachusetts	5,906	Wisconsin	1,550
Michigan	6,130	Wyoming	969
Minnesota	1,980		
Mississippi	150,278	Total	1,487,344
Missouri	83,042		

2. Not definitely settled. 3. To snobs and brain less fops.

E. K., North Loup, Neb.:
I wish to know who was the oldest President of the United States.
To answer other inquiries on the subject, we publish the table below:

Presidents.	Born.	Qualified.	Died.
Washington	1732	1789	
		1793	1799
John Adams	1735	1797	1826
Jefferson	1743	1801	
		1805	1826
Madison	1751	1809	
		1813	1836
Monroe	1758	1817	
		1821	1831
J. Q. Adams	1767	1825	1848
Jackson	1767	1829	
		1833	1845
Van Buren	1782	1837	1862
Harrison	1773	1841	1841
Tyler	1790	1841	1862
Polk	1795	1845	1849
Taylor	1784	1849	1850
Fillmore	1800	1850	1869
Pierce	1804	1853	1869
Buchanan	1791	1857	1868
Lincoln	1809	1861	
		1865	1865
Johnson	1808	1865	1875
Grant	1822	1869	
		1873	
Hayes	1822	1877	
Garfield	1831	1881	1881
Arthur	1831	1881	

H. L., Ogdensburg, N. Y.:
Can you give the recipe for starching and ironing collars and shirt fronts, such as Chinese laundrymen use?
Procure two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give a beautiful gloss to shirt bosoms, and to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness to which nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobbinet. Starch lustre is a substance used for washing purposes, which, when added to starch, causes the linen to which it is applied to assume not only a high polish, but a dazzling whiteness. A piece of lustre of the size of a copper cent added to one-half pound starch and boiled with it for two or three minutes, will produce the best results. The starch lustre consists of stearine, colored by a slight addition of ultramine blue, the essential ingredient being the stearine; and, with or without the coloring matter, will be found to add very much to the beauty of linen articles to which it is applied.

R. B., Scio, Or.:
1. Please give the manner of cultivating rice. 2. Where and when was the first land sold in the United States as township, range and section?
1. The land is prepared by a thorough system of embankments and ditches. The ditches are of various dimensions, sometimes the principal one being large enough to be used as a canal for transportation. Early in the Winter the land is either plowed or dug over, and in the warm changes of the weather it is flooded with water. In March it is kept dry, the drains are cleansed, the clods broken and the surface smoothed off, and trenches for the seed are made with a four-inch trenching hoe at right angles with the drains, 12 to 15 inches apart. In April and till the middle of May the seed is scattered in these trenches, at the rate of two and a half to three bushels to the acre. As the seed is sown it is covered lightly with soil, and the water is then let in through the gates and kept upon the land for four to six days, till the gr ain swells and be gins to sprout. When the plant is five or six weeks old the earth is stirred with a hoe; this is repeated 10 days afterward, and the "long water" is then put on for about two weeks, deep for four days, and then gradually diminishing. After the water has been drawn off about eight days, the field is hoed to a good depth. On the appearance of a joint in the plant the land is lightly hoed again, and is then "laid by," that is, the "joint water" is put on, to remain till the grain is matured, which may be two months. A few days before cutting the water is run off and the ditches are washed out by the succeeding tide. The rice is cut with a sickle, bound in sheaves, stacked in small ricks, and when thoroughly cured is put away in large stacks. The threshing is done with a machine. 2. The first United States Land Office was opened at Chillicothe, O., in 1800. At first the land had been sold in tracts of one and two million acres; then quarter townships were offered; in 1796 sections could be bought; in 1800 half sections, and finally it was possible to buy small amounts.

E. M., Dayton, O.,
Please give me a recipe for tanning muskrat hides, leaving the hair on.
First wash the hide in warm water, and remove all fatty and fleshy matter. Then soak it in a liquid prepared as follows: To 10 gallons cold soft water add eight quarts wheat bran, one-half pint old soap, one ounce borax; by adding two ounces sulphuric acid the soaking may be done in one-half the time. If the hides have not been salted, add one pint salt. Green hides should not be soaked more than eight or 10 hours. Dry ones should soak till very soft. For tan liquor, to 10 gallons warm soft water add one half bushel bran; stir well and let stand in a warm room till it ferments. Then add slowly 2½ pounds sulphuric acid; stir all the while. Muskrat hides should remain in about four hours; then take out and rub with a fleshing knife—(an old chopping knife with the edge taken off will do.) Then work it over a beam until entirely dry.

S. W., Troy, O.:
1. Please give a skech of the early history of Ohio, especially the first settlements and the Indian troubles. 2. Ought teachers, ministers and literary persons be included in the "principal occupations?"
The following is taken from the American Cyclopedia: "The first explorations in the territory which now constitutes the State of Ohio were made by the French, the discoveries of La Salle in this region dating from about 1680. The object of the French adventurers, however, seems to have been trade rather than settlement. They were soon involved in disputes with the English, who, having obtained from their sovereign a grant covering part of the territory claimed by the French, sent out surveyors, and established trading posts in the Ohio Valley. It was in the war which broke out in consequence of these conflicting claims that Washington first became known; but neither his abilities nor the operations of a powerful force sent out under Gen. Braddock could overcome the French, who kept possession of the country until Canada and the whole country west to the Mississippi were surrendered by the treaty of 1763. After the war of the revolution disputes arose between several of the States respecting the right of soil in this territory, which were only allayed by the cession of the whole to the United States, Virginia reserving 3,709,848 acres near the rapids of the Ohio for her State troops, and Connecticut a tract of 3,666,921 acres near Lake Erie (the Western Reserve). In 1800 jurisdiction over these two tracts was relinquished to the Federal Government, the States retaining the right to the soil, and disposing of it in small lots to settlers, while the Indian titles to the rest of the State were bought up by the General Government. In 1787 Congress undertook the government, and in 1788 the first permanent settlement was made at Marietta. The first years of the Northwest Territory, as it was called, were harrassed by Indian warfare, which was not terminated until after the signal victory of Gen. Wayne in 1794. In 1799 the Northwest Territory was organized, and shortly afterward Ohio was formed into a separate government. It was admitted into the Union as a State in 1803. From 1800 to 1810 the seat of government was in Chillicothe; from 1810 to 1812 in Zanesville, and from 1812 to 1816 in Chillicothe. Columbus became the capital in 1816. A convention to revise the constitution assembled in Columbus May 6, 1850, and finally adjourned March 10, 1851, a portion of the session having been held in Cincinnati. The amended Constitution was ratified by the people June 17, 1851."
2. Yes, they are classed with whitewashers, boarding-house keepers, nurses, servants, and "other professions."

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.—ED. BLADE.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, no name or address.
Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.
Letter containing 3c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.
Letter containing 25 cents, no address, signed Th. G. Gay.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. B. Throckmorton—three of the papers to go to Providence, no State given.
Letter containing $1, dated at Maple City, no County or State, signed by J. E. Weakley.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed L. A. Tyler.
If Rebecca Quinn will give her postoffice address Mrs. Carter's paper will be looked after.
If C. Moore, of Elgin, will give his full address the complaint will be looked up and rectified.
If D. L. Koons, of Granite Bend, will give his full address the papers will be sent him.
Letter containing $2, to pay for papers for J. S. Cameron and J. N. Replogle, signed Maggie Christy, no address.
Letter containing 75c., no date, signed by Maggie Sutton.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed Wm. McGowen.
Letter containing $1, dated at Ellenburg Center, N. Y., no name attached.
Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.
Letter containing $1 dated at Boonesborough, no County or State, signed Mrs. A. L. Robison.
Letter containing $1, dated at Beaver Springs, no County or State, signed Dr. H. J. Smith.
Letter containing $1, dated at Peoria, no County or State, signed E. R. Burckle.
Letter containing $1, no date, signed C. D. Burkhart.
When E. R. Burckle, of Peoria, gives his full address the paper will be sent.
Letter containing 33 cents, dated at Lagrange, no County or State, signed E. A. Brelt.
Letter containing $1, signed J. I. Fulton, no address.
If J. I. Page, of Perry, will give his full address we will comply with his request.

The Work Begun.

Philadelphia Press.

The first blow has been struck at the Tariff. The hammering will become constant ere the Winter is over. The din will arouse the members of the grand old Republican party, and only a Republican president will be able to settle the unsettlement.

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A Very Weird Fact.

Atlanta Constitution.

Editor Dana, of the New York *Sun*, was the first to discover the weird fact that 200 pounds of candidate was rough on the Democratic dromedary. Once discovered, it is a fact to be remembered.

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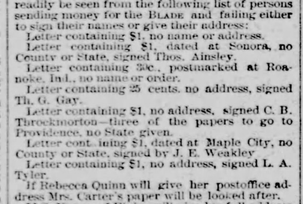
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The Little "If" in the Way of Reform.
Philadelphia Times.
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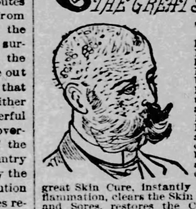
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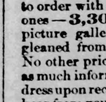
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, December 13, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

PERSONS not subscribers, who receive this number of the BLADE are requested to examine it critically, and determine whether they can invest a dollar to better advantage than to subscribe for it. It is the largest and best family paper published. One dollar a year to everybody. Three months, 30 cents. Clubs of three months trial subscribers, in clubs of not less than four, 25 cents each. Try the BLADE and you will never try to get on without it. And, by the way, read the announcement of the combination of the BLADE and the great engraving of BUNYAN'S Pilgrim's Progress—both for $2.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

Mr. LOCKE'S letters from Maine will be commenced in the BLADE next week. They will give a faithful account of the fight against liquor in that State, and will truly set forth the result of the attempt to suppress the traffic in stimulants by law. The series will be of intense interest and will answer the question: "Does Prhibition Prohibit?"

Circulate the next four numbers of the BLADE. Those who desire their friends to read these four numbers, can have them mailed to any address by remitting 10 cents.

JEFF DAVIS'S book has been a financial failure. It is certainly a frightful failure as a literary and historical work.

IT is found that Speaker CARLISLE took the "iron clad" oath. This will not add to his popularity in Kentucky.

GOV. FOSTER is in Washington, talking very cheerily about the Republicans carrying Ohio next year with any good Presidential candidate.

EVERY good Republican in the United States should have the BLADE in his family this Winter. It will be a better Republican paper than ever.

THE little scheme of sundry gentlemen to get the Government to pay for the Texas slaves emancipated by the war is a fine start-off for a Democratic Congress.

ANOTHER of Mgr. CAPEL'S doctrines that will not prove popular this side of the Atlantic, is that the French system of marriages is much superior to the English and American.

THERE is no paper in the world so large and good for $1 as the WEEKLY BLADE. If you doubt it send 50 cents and receive it for three months. A trial is all that is necessary.

THE New York *Tribune* declares that there is a ring in the City, almost as bad as in the old Tweed days. Its reporters are now at work exposing some of the plunders made by the contractor rings.

THE New York *Tribune* claims to have discovered an extensive system of frauds in the City contracts resulting in a loss to the tax-payers of millions of dollars. It is not the only place where strange things happen in this line.

THERE is a President to elect next year, and it should be a Republican President. Get the BLADE into as many families as possible. Get the people to reading good matter before the campaign opens. Spread the BLADE this Winter.

TERESA STURLATA, who has been a public prostitute ever since her years admitted of her selling herself, and whose career culminated in the slaughter of her paramour, is euphemistically spoken of as a "wayward girl," by women who are simply merciless on some poor girl who

"Finds too late that men betray."

WE are mailing the engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress every day, and those receiving it are more than pleased with it. It is the finest steel engraving ever published, and is worth all that it formerly sold for, $10. We send the BLADE one year and the engraving for $2. We warrant entire satisfaction.

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Ladies desiring the best and most comprehensive work on fancy work and house decoration may have it by remitting 25 cents to Miss EMILY S. BOUTON, Household editor of the BLADE. It is beautifully printed and contains everything necessary to be known in the field it occupies. There are full directions for all sorts of fancy work, and the decoration of the house, even to the prices that should be paid for materials. It is a valuable and reliable work, and every lady who has a home, or time on her hands, should have it. Address Miss EMILY S. BOUTON, Toledo, O.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

SINCE the organization of Congress its time has been mainly taken up by the introduction of new bills, which have poured in by the thousand. Gen. ROSECRANS introduced 53 in one day, and his case is not an exceptional one by any means. There is much talk of what will be done, but no serious business will be begun until after the holiday recess. Outside of the session the principal interest has centered in the formation of the Committees. The Senate Committees were disposed of at a caucus of Republican Senators the changes of importance were putting MILLER, of California, at the head of Foreign Relations, vice WINDOM; RIDDLEBERGER, of Virginia, at the head of Manufactures, vice CONGER; MILLER, (N. Y.) Agriculture, vice MAHONE; HILL, Post Offices and Post Roads, vice FERRY; MITCHELL, Pensions, vice PRATT; VAN WYCK, Improvement of the Mississippi, vice MITCHELL; MAHONE, Public Buildings and Grounds, vice ROLLINS. The Democrats received the Chairmanships of the Committees on Private Land Claims, Engrossed Bills, Epidemics, Revolutionary Claims, Nicarauga Claims and Additional Accommodations for the Library, for which they selected, at a caucus, Sens. BAYARD, SAULSBURY, HARRIS, JONES (Fla.), MANEY and VOORHEES. The Presidency *pro tem* was declined by Sen. EDMUNDS, and Sen. ANTHONY was re-elected. The Committees of the House will probably not be announced until after the holidays.

THE condition of business continues unfavorable in this county, as it is all over the world. Here, as elsewhere, the iron interest is the greatest sufferer. Several very important factories closed down during the week. That of the Bessemer Steel Rail Works, at Homestead, Pa., threw 800 men out of employment, and the Edgar Thompson Works will dismiss 3,000 this week. This in turn depresses the coal and allied interests. The woolen, silk and cotton trades are also very much depressed. This is equally true of those of France, England and Germany, which are suffering worse than our own. The depression can only be temporary, however, and will pass off after the beginning of the New Year.

THE Republican Senators are having as much of a row, in their grave and dignified way, over the Secretaryship of the Senate, as the Democrats did over the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House. There are five candidates for the position, all strongly supported: EDWARD MCPHERSON, for many years Clerk of the House, by Sen. MITCHELL, of Pennsylvania; JAMES R. YOUNG, by Sen. CAMERON; GEO. C. GORHAM, formerly Secretary of the Senate; Gen. A. D. MCCOOK, of New York, by his old comrade of the Army of the Cumberland, Sen. MILLER, of California; Col. HOOKER, of Vermont, by both Senators from that State; and Capt. RAMSDELL, a one-armed soldier from Indiana, who is backed by Sen. HARRISON. Whoever is elected, it is pretty certain that GORHAM will not be, as he has made enemies in his own party who will defeat him.

THE latest news from Tonquin shows that the French Admiral is still proceeding with his preparations for an early and decisive advance upon Bacniah, which will inevitably open the war. This tidings may be expected any day, as France persists in the declaration that her occupancy of this place and of Sontay, now both held by the Chinese, is indispensable to the settlement of the question.

FOREIGNERS in the seaport Towns in China are exceedingly alarmed at the prospect of a war, as the fanatical Chinese will be almost certain to commit terrible atracities as soon as it is declared, and they will make no distinction between the French and the people of other nations.

A GREAT fire in Constantinople has destroyed a great deal of the quarter inhabited by the Turks and the Jews. The Palace in the Legislative Chambers in Brussels, containg a magnificent library, has also been destroyed by conflagration.

A LETTER written in blood by a Nihilist conspirator, confined in a St. Petersburg prison and sent to the London *Times* gives the most harrowing details of the treatment received by the prisoners, and calls upon the civilized world to interfere in their behalf. It may result in a demand from other nations for an investigation.

SPECIAL cable dispatches tell of another massacre by Bedouins under the flag of EL MAHDI, of Egyptian troops in which the latter were completely annihilated with the exception of a few blacks who declared for the False Prophet. There were 5,000 Bedouins against 800 Egyptians, and the result was inevitable. This affair will be likely to cause serious consequences in other parts of Egypt.

OUR ENGRAVING OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A portion of those who included our great engraving in connection with the BLADE, have not received it. We are mailing them as fast as they are received from the printer, but to print the picture and do it as it should be done, is a very slow process. We shall catch up with our orders in a week or two.

As might be expected the English papers express strong dissatisfaction with the President's Message, because he fails to recommend any lowering of the duties. Correspondingly, they are delighted with CARLISLE'S election, which promises such "Tariff Reform" as will restore to England her former magnificent market in the United States.

LOOK at the date of the label on your paper, and if your time expires in December or January, renew immediately, to avoid breaks in the receipt of your paper. Of course everybody will renew, for nowhere can they get so large or so good a paper as the BLADE for $1.00.

HARRISBURGH *Telegraph*: "Out of the four principal offices in the National House, three were captured by the South—Kentucky gets the Spekership; Missouri the Chief Clerkship, and Texas the door-keeper. We'uns seemed to have downed you"uns."

WE will probably not have the Committees announced until after the holiday recess. The pressure upon Speaker CARLISLE is about 200 pounds to the square inch.

THE New York *World* is publishing double-leaded editorials in favor of ABRAM S. HEWITT for Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

WHO HAS AN INTEREST IN RUM?

There are those who consider the rum question as one affecting only the man who drinks and the man who sells. There never was a greater mistake. Every person in a community has an interest, a direct, vital interest in every man who drinks and every man who sells the drink. It is everybody's business whether liquor is drank or not. The use of intoxicants by any one concerns the entire community.

Turn a mad-dog loose in the streets and the entire community hastens to destroy it, because its very existence is a menace to the community. A Rum-Seller in a community, so far as power for damage goes, is worse than a dozen mad-dogs. One dog may be killed and his power for evil ceases; the Rum-Seller stays.

It does make a difference in a community whether or not a man supports his family decently and properly. Whether a man is a useful citizen or a burden upon other citizens is a matter of interest to every one in the community in which he resides. Whether a man brings up his children to industrious and virtuous habits, or launches them upon the sea of life as pirates, to prey upon others, is a matter of very much moment to everybody.

When a man sits down to the business of drunkard-making he has established a school for beggary and crime. His business is to implant in as many men and boys as possible an appetite to gratify which not only takes the entire proceeds of their labor, but unfits them for labor at all; an appetite so powerful that when labor will not supply it, it compels its victims to resort to crime. It is a business which, inasmuch as its victims cannot support their families, throws the burden of their support upon the community at large. It is a business which not only makes courts of justice necessary, but is the foundation stones of the alms houses and the jails.

Who ever knew a drunkard to occupy a decent dwelling, or to pay rent promptly for the miserable hovel which he invariably inhabits?

Whoever knew the wife of a drunkard to make purchases of any amount, of dress goods for the clothing of hers elf and children?

How many children of drunkards are kept out of school for want of decent clothing? and, for want of proper education, what percentage of them grow up into manhood and womanhood, ignorant, depraved and vicious?

From what classes come the prostitutes, the thieves, the street ruffians, and the gamins who naturally graduate into crime?

There can scarcely be found a criminal who can not trace his education in crime to rum.

There is scarcely a case of destitution that requires public interference that rum is not the cause of.

The regular, almost universal, plea of murderers in extenuation of their crime is, "I was drunk when I did it."

The breweries and distilleries, and their lieutenants, the keepers of rum-shops, are directly responsible for 90 per cent. of all this misery and death. They do not wait for their victims to come to them—they go out and seek them. In the City of Toledo there are 600 regular rum-shops, and counting the houses of prostitution, the gambling dens and other places of like character that depend directly upon rum as the foundation of their business, the number will reach 800. As bad, as wide-spread as is the drinking habit, 100 would fully supply the natural demand for liquors. How do the other 700 make a living?

They *create* a trade in the horrible stuff they deal in. They go out and pull in victims. They stop the laboring man on his way home. They entice him out of house evenings, they search out boys and initiate them in the habit, knowing full well that once fixed it is almost impossible to break it, and that once in their hands they have a mortgage on him forever.

There are exceptions, honorable ones, but they are few in number. The whisky business, as a rule, is in the hands of a class who are utterly regardless of the effect of their hideous trade upon others. As a rule they sell indifferently to the drunken man who can barely stand beside the bar, and to the precocious boy or drunken woman. They sell to whomsoever has money to pay, even though they know that the tumbler-full swallowed at eight is to eventuate in a murder at nine.

And this same reckless disregard of the public good runs through the whole business. The brewer's wagon stops with the same regularity before a murder-den or a thieves' resort as before a respectable saloon, and the vilest of them can secure their supplies from wholesale concerns. The only question asked is concerning pay. It is a business from first to last without a conscience. It is a business that ruins the drink-buyer, soul and body, and leaves the seller almost as badly wrecked. It is a soul-scaring, pity-eradicating, feeling-hardening business, one which knows neither remorse nor shame. It is a business based upon the most soulless cupidity, which is a total stranger to every sentiment that ennobles and every instinct that is good. It has no more pity than a shark and no more remorse than a tiger. What it wants is money, and it cares not how it gets it.

Every citizen has the right to say whether the horrible traffic in men's bodies and souls shall be tolerated, and if so, on what terms. Communities have the right to protect themselves against vice, for they have the burdens of vice to bear. It is nonsense to say that a community which has to support the widow and orphan may not control the trade that makes widows and orphans. It is nonsense to say that a community which has to pay the terrible cost of the crime committed within its borders may not restrict and restrain the cause of almost all the crime. It is worse than nonsense to say that the one trade which sets morals at defiance, which is allied to everything that is bad, and which has nothing whatever of good in it, shall not only be above law but shall make the laws. ~~The moral to all this is~~

~~*Pulverize the Rum Power.*~~

"NASBY IN THE SOUTH,"

Will be commenced about the last week in December, or the first in January, and will continue until the subject is exhausted.

To assist in pulverizing the rum power, circulate the BLADE. We shall continue the agitation of this question till something eventuates. Aid us by extending our circulation.

CHANGING THE APPORTIONMENT.

The injustice of having the National Republican Convention controlled by delegates from districts which can contribute nothing to the election of the nominee has been felt very strongly for the past 12 years, and various plans have been suggested to readjust the ratio of representation so that the sections which cast the votes that elect the nominee shall have the "say" as to who that nominee shall be. Under the present system every State is given double as many votes in convention as it has in the Electoral College. Thus, the Southern States, which did not give GARFIELD a single electoral vote, had 280 votes in the Chicago Convention which nominated him. The plan which will be urged at the coming meeting of the Republican National Committee is that each State shall be entitled to four delegates as now, and each Congressional District to one instead of two as now, and to one additional delegate for each 10,000 votes cast within its limits in 1880 for the Republican candidates for Presidential Electors, and to one additional delegate for a majority fraction of 10,000 votes. The vote for Presidential Electors is taken as best indicating the real strength of the party in any District; being less liable to be affected by local causes. This will make the representation compare with what it would be under the present system as follows:

States	Representation '84 on old basis.	Representation on vote of '80, 10,000 & maj. fraction.	Gain.	Loss
California	10	10	....	..
Colorado	6	8	....	..
Connecticut	12	15	2	..
Delaware	6	6	....	..
Illinois	44	56	12	..
Indiana	30	41	11	..
Iowa	26	30	4	..
Kansas	18	19	1	..
Maine	12	16	4	..
Massachusetts	28	34	6	..
Michigan	26	28	2	..
Minnesota	14	15	1	..
Nevada	6	6	....	..
N. Hampshire	8	11	3	..
New Jersey	18	23	5	..
New York	72	88	16	..
Ohio	46	63	17	..
Oregon	6	7	1	..
Pennsylvania	60	76	16	..
Rhode Island	8	6	....	2
Vermont	8	12	4	..
Wisconsin	22	27	5	..
Nebraska	10	10	....	..
Totals, Northern States	502	613	113	2
Alabama	20	13	....	..
Arkansas	14	10	....	..
Florida	8	8	....	..
Georgia	34	15	....	9
Kentucky	26	19	....	7
Louisiana	16	11	....	5
Maryland	16	16	....	..
Mississippi	18	10	....	8
Missouri	32	32	....	..
N. Carolina	22	22	....	..
S. Carolina	18	14	....	4
Tennessee	24	21	....	3
Texas	36	15	....	11
Virginia	24	21	....	3
West Virginia	12	12	....	..
Totals, Southern States	330	239	....	61
Territories	18	18	....	..

Number of delegates on the present basis, 820; number on the proposed basis, 870.

NO NEED OF GROWLING.

It is natural for people to do a good deal of growling. With many it is a habit which they cannot break away from. The world would seem to crumble away from under their feet if they could find nothing to grumble about. They are Pessimists in the fullest sense of the word, because they are determined that the storm is to come no matter how clear the sky may be from zenith to horizon. These sort of people see the country going rapidly to ruin. Widespread disaster is always impending. Political parties are rotten to the very core. Commerce and manufactures are growing less to be sources of wealth and prosperity to the nation. In short everything is awry.

Transfer these people to Europe to-day and they would find ample reason for looking upon both the present and the future with gloomy eye.

The nations of the Old World stand like wild beasts, each watching the other with eager eye lest some advantage be obtained. Each of the more powerful stands ready to dispute with the rest for any bone thrown into their midst. To be ready for any possible fray great standing armies are to be maintained, and this burden falls upon the laboring classes. What wonder that socialism in some form is rampant throughout Europe.

A French writer publishes in the *Journal des Economistes* some facts and figures that show the condition of things that points with meaning to impending social and financial disaster. The nations of Europe spend annually upon their armies and navies the enormous sum of $900,000,000. They keep nearly 3,200,000 men under arms. Their navies number 1,800 costly ships. To come down to particulars: England spends yearly upon army and navy $142,000,000 and the interest upon the public debt incurred by war is $156,000,000; Italy spends $52,000,000 and pays $71,000,000 interest; Russia, $178,000,000 on army and navy and $160,000,000 interest on debt; Austria, $63,000,000 on army and navy and $113,000,000 on her debt; France spend $160,000,000 and pays $150,000,000 interest. In 15 years the aggregated debts have risen from $13,204,000,000 to $21,600,000,000, and the cost of Government in 10 years has increased 50 per cent.

Compare this with the state of things in our own country. A public debt rapidly diminishing, immense crops for home and foreign consumption; a nation at peace with the whole world; great stretches of fertile land to furnish homes for untold millions; a prosperous people; a laboring class finding plenty of well paid work, and no cloud upon the prospect of future development of the country. There is absolutely no reasonable grounds for gloom, nothing to justify apprehension, but everything to hope for. There must come periodical waves of trade stagnation and financial depression, but they soon roll away leaving behind a steady growth and advancing prosperity.

RENEW IN TIME.

Several thousands of our suscriptions expire in January, and there is always in that month a corresponding rush of business in our office, so large indeed as to make the entering of the names received, the week of their coming in, impossible. In consequence there are many breaks and much trouble in getting back numbers. To avoid this, look at the printed label on your paper, *this week* and if your time expires any time within the next two months send in your renewal at once. It makes no difference to you, as your time is extended for one year from its expiration, and a prompt renewal ensures your getting your paper regularly and without a break, and saves us a world of trouble and expense. Two things we want every BLADE subscriber to do, viz:—

Renew your subscription before its expiration, and send in a new subscriber with your own renewal.

All those whose time expires in December and January will do us a favor by renewing immediately.

THE WAY IT HAS GROWN.

The success which has attended the efforts of the Brewers to extend their nefarious traffic, and reduce more and more people into slaves of vitiated tastes into serfs who yield up all their earnings to fatten and enrich those who have debased them by cunning corruption of their appetites, is one of the marvels of the day.

Nothing in all the history of the business of this country—no instance of the development of the most useful invention—the most meritorious labor-saving device or machine—the appliance or system contributing the most to the comfort, happiness or length of life of our people—can compare with the fungus-like growth of the manufactories and selling places of the beverage which is becoming a cancer in our body politic, as it is a cancer in the bodies of those who consume it.

Thirty-five years ago lager beer was unknown to nine-tenths of our people. Nine out of every 10 had not so much as heard of the name. Twenty years ago four out of every five had never seen or tasted it.

In the years previous to 1850 there was a "beer-wave." That is, people generally became possessed of the idea that beer-drinking was an immense improvement on whisky-drinking, and the best way to promote the cause of Temperance was to encourage the consumption of malt liquors. In response to this feeling, about 400 small breweries were established in different parts of the country, which, in 1850, produced about 250,000 barrels of beer, or about 120th of a barrel to every person in the country,

In the next 10 years the number of the breweries more than doubled, and their production trebled. The census of 1760 gives these figures of the malt liquor production in the country:

States and Territories.	No of Est'b'ts.	Barrels.	Value.
Maine	5	7,230	$ 36,109
New Hampshire	3	17,200	86,000
Massachusetts	13	133,600	658,700
Rhode Island	4	6,400	31,267
Connecticut	6	16,030	91,210
Total in New England States	31	180,460	903,346
New York	175	990,767	4,996,151
New Jersey	22	155,430	865,910
Pennsylvania	172	585,206	2,246,682
Marland	26	44,664	242,286
Dist. of Columbia	4	13,484	84,300
Total in Middle States	399	1,789,551	9,435,328
Ohio	29	402,035	1,912,419
Indiana	50	66,338	328,116
Kentucky	17	74,850	219,700
Illinois	75	218,042	1,339,180
Michigan	42	57,671	354,758
Wisconsin	121	124,956	702,812
Minnesota	34	14,080	77,740
Iowa	39	35,308	221,493
Missouri	55	172,570	1,143,450
Kansas	4	5,100	52,800
Nebraska	2	2,200	16,400
Utah	2	145	4,200
Total in Western States	460	1,173,576	6,343,070
California	71	87,806	1,211,641
Oregon	8	4,162	85,750
Total in Pacific Stats.	80	91,953	1,295,391
Tennesee	1	4,000	24,000
Aggregate	970	3,239,545	$18,001,135

In the next 10 years the number of breweries more than doubled again, while the value of the capital invested, and the product was quadrupled, and even sextupled. The census of 1870 shows these figures:

No. of Breweries	1,972
Steam Engines (horse-power)	12,338
Hands employed	12,442
Capital invested	$18,770,435
Value of Products	$35,706,643

The number of barrels of beer produced in 1871 is given by LOUIS SCHADE at 7,159,740, divided as foHows:

New York	2,305,145
Pennsylvania	918,389
Ohio	656,999
Massachusetts	525,731
New Jersey	514,189
North Carolina	51

Let us see what an astonishing expansion is made in the next 10 years. The census of 1880 reports concerning the breweries:

No. of establishments	2,741
Capital	$ 91,208,224
Persons employed	20,200
Wages paid in a year	$ 12,195,053
Cost of materials used in a year	56,886,000
Value of a year's products	$101,036,385

It must be remembered too that these figures were taken the year after the Resumption of Specie Payments, when everything yet felt the full effects of the panic. The quantity *per capita* had risen from less than one quart per person in 1850 to *over 10 gallons per head* in 1880.

This terrible growth of a most pernicious interest must frighten all who give the matter a moment's thought.

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Most people will recall with a shudder the circumstances connected with the murder of his own child by a man named FREEMAN, who was under a fanatical delusion that GOD demanded this sacrifice of him for the furtherance of His purposes. He was imprisoned and tried. The Court has acquitted him of the charge of murder, but has sentenced him to be confined in an Insane Asylum for the rest of his days.

It is a great pity that the example of this Massachusetts Court could not be followed wherever a crime is committed and the plea of insanity made to procure an acquittal. Certainly, if the mind is so impaired as to render an individual irresponsible, he is a dangerous person to be at liberty, and should be placed where he could do no harm. That phase of insanity which is called emotional should be treated in the same way, for if a human being has no more control over his passions than to allow them to urge him to the crime of murder, even if his normal condition is that of sanity, he should not be at large, since it is impossible to know when he may become again excited and take life.

There is little question but this course would diminish the number of homocides, and it would be likely to prevent a false plea of insanity being made. Many persons would rather run the risk of hanging than to face the prospect of a life confinement in an insane asylum. The question would, of course, be likely to arise in some cases, whether a pronounced recovery would not compel the restoration to freedom. At any rate the safety of a community demands the confinement of an insane person where he cannot injure those around him, and the Massachusetts Court has set a good example.

NOTICE the advertisement addressed to all who want an overcoat or dress this Winter. Some hundreds have availed themselves of the proposition and every one has done well with it. Drop a postal to "BLADE, Toledo, O.," for particulars.

TIME bangs heavy on the hands of the members of the Union Club in New York, and practical jokes are the result. When Gen. BUTLER visited the club room the other day, one of these practical jokers arranged it so that a spoon fell at his feet as he crossed one of the parlors. From this it would seem that there are members of the Union Club who have no more brains or breeding than the dudes of the Knickerbocker.

THOROUGHNESS OF THE BEER BOSSES' WORK.

So well have the Brewer Bosses done their work, so energetically and systematically have they driven their campaign against the sobriety of our people that to-day—hardly a quarter of a century since they began their crusade in earnest—they have converted one of the most temperate people in the world, into one of the most drunken. Thirty years ago lager beer was as little known to three-quarters of the inhabitants of the United States as caviare or bird's nest soup to-now.

In the great region south of the Ohio and the Potomac—where lived over 11 millions of our people—it was not even heard of. In the North were also milions of people who had scarcely heard of it. A keg of it was never seen outside of the great Cities. To-day the average annual consumption per head is greater than in countries where it has been the national beverage for centuries. The following table shows the number of gallons consumed per head in the various countries in the world in 1880:

Belgium	33
Great Britain	32
Germany	22
Denmark	12
United States	10¼
Netherlands	9
Norway	8
Austria	7½
Switzerland	6
Sweden	5
France	4⅞

As we have before stated, the report for 1880 is a serious understatement, as it can take no account of the vast increase of the last three years. There is no doubt that if our people averaged 10¼ gallons per head in 1880, they certainly averaged 15 gallons this year. This would be double the quantity consumed in dissolute, hard-drinkin Austria, where beer-drinking is part of the daily business of every man, woman and child.

What adds enormously to the alarming nature of these figures is that this increase has been made in the face of the most determined Temperance agitation.

In considering these statistics it must be kept constantly in mind that there are many millions in this country who never drink beer at all. The five million negros in the South hardly know its taste. So with the mass of the agricultural population everywhere. Practically no beer is drank in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Kansas, and Iowa outside of the larger Towns and Cities. Comparatively few women and no children drink it, and every City has thousands—frequently tens of thousands—of men who from principle or disinclination, never taste the stuff. Taken altogether the non-beer drinkers must number at least four out of five of the population. This would make the average consumption by those who do drink *—sixty gal'ons a year, or five quarts a week* —nearly one quart a day.

Thus, to what frightful servitude is the beer-drinker reduced when once the Beer Boss fastens his fangs upon him?

If the success of the Brewers for the next few years shall be in proportion to that of the past 30 years, our people will shortly become a race of sots, who only labor and toil to fill the pockets of the insolent and rapacious Lords of the Malt Kiln and Barons of the Beer Faucet.

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A VETO MESSAGE.

Gov. PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, is at last doing something to justify the "Reform" plea upon which he was elected. Possibly the issue of the late elections has quickened his conscience. Probably, he has not cared to face the deep disgust of the people at the impudence of the Democratic majority in the Legislature in protracting the session of that body until now to get their $10 per diem as long as possible. Whatever may be the quickening motive, Gov. PATTISON has risen to the level of the occasion, and vetoed the appropriation to pay for the prolonged session, in very stinging language. He says:

"After wasting six months in contemning the Constitution, they (the members of the Legislature) now send me this bill appropriating over half a million dollars to pay themselves for refusing to do what they were elected and sworn to do."

Gov. PATTISON goes on to say that the prolonging of the session being no fault of any of the employes, he will approve of such parts of the bill as appropriates money to pay their salaries, and he regrets that he is not able to do the same for the minority, who tried to do their duty and dispatch the public business in a reasonable time.

Naturally, the veto message gives great satisfaction in Pensylvania, and Gov. PATTISON is recovering much of his lost popularity.

METHYLATED SPIRITS.

We regret that in his recommendations for reducing the revenue the President did not urge upon Congress the "methylated spirit" plan in use in Great Britain and other foreign countries. This is to mix with the alcohol designed for manufacturing purposes 10 per cent. of wood alcohol, which, while it does not injure the spirit in the least for any of its uses in the arts, gives it such a nauseous flavor that it can never be drunk. This tainted alcohol—called "methylated spirit" in the laws—is free of duty, while a heavy tax is imposed upon that not treated so. The advantages of adopting such a policy in this country would be that thereby very important industries which use large quantities of alcohol for varnishes, etc., would be freed from an oppressive tax, while the amount thus taken off would make much of the desired reduction of tax. As there is no known way of purifying methylated spirits so as to make them drinkable, there is no opportunity for any fraud being committed. A policy of this kind would be satisfactory all around.

READ the description of the engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress on the 5th page, and enclose $2 and receive it and the BLADE one year. It is the greatest offer ever made. Everybody is delighted with it. The plate never sold for less than $10, and it is richly worth it. It cost $20,000 to engrave the plate.

MR. TENNYSON is to be raised to the peerage, the offer having been made, it is said, some six weeks ago. It seems strange that he does not realize with the majority of the people that to be plain ALFRED TENNYSON, the POET, is all the distinction that is necessary, and no mere title can add to it one whit but rather detract from its dignity in the world's opinion.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

But a few copies of Bible Biography left. Those of our readers who have not secured a copy, should do so at once. It is an elegant book for a Christmas gift. A $3.00 book post-paid by mail for $1.25. See description on Eighth page this issue.

RENEW your subscription for the WEEKLY BLADE and avoid breaks in receiving your paper.

A SICKENING SPECTACLE.

"Prominent Christian Women" of Chicago, have soiled the name of Christian womanhood by their ostentatious attention to TERESA STURLATA on her recent discharge from the Penitentiary. Not but what it was well to extend to her a helping hand, and endeavor to rehabilitate her in her lost womanhood. That were a worthy task for any woman. The fault lay in selecting this sensational prostitute and murderess upon whom to shower attentions, and utterly neglecting her sisters in crime, no less worthy of Christian effort. This woman was supplied with flowers and all permissible dainties while in prison; was met on her release by a "delegation of prominent Christian women," and "taken to one of the finest houses in Chicago." At the same time there were thousands of wantons parading the streets, every one of whom had a soul of as priceless worth as that of TERESA STURLATA, every one of whom was as needful and as worthy of sisterly compassion and Christian help as the beautiful Italian, every one of whom was certain to be irredeemably lost, unless her course was arrested, as was the passionate creature who avenged the insults showered upon her by her worthless lover by taking his life. Yet all these were neglected that the professors of Christian Charity might pose in the lurid light thrown around one particular brazen and conscienceless prostitute by a sensational homicide. Not the doing of CHRIST'S work, but the gaining of personal notoriety was the evident aim of these profaners of the holy work of charity.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

It is somewhat difficult to tell exactly what is the condition of affairs in Tonquin, as most of the dispatches come by way of Paris, and of course have a French coloring. By them, however, it seems that war is inevitable. Public opinion in Paris is decidedly in its favor, and even the conservatives, it is stated, feel that the honor of France is so far engaged that it is impossible to withdraw. If this is really the case, it would be a dangerous experiment for the Ministry to go against this conviction, and it is not at all probable that it will.

Perhaps there would not be quite so much enthusiasm in regard to the war in Paris, if it were not so universally believed that it would be of short duration. They seemed to think that the Chinese cannot fight continously, and therefore the campaign will, as a French politician expresses it, "Be short and brilliant with plenty of loot for the troops." They may find that they have reckoned without their host.

At last accounts a state of siege had been proclaimed by the French commander at Haidzuong in consequence of the attack upon it by the Black Flags last month. The least aggression on the part of the Chinese will now precipitate offensive operations on the part of the French. Meanwhile it is announced that, in case of war, the five Powers—England, Germany, United States, Russia and France—will unite in keeping a flotilla of gunboats on the Canton River for the protection of such of their subjects as are living in Canton or any other Chinese port.

THE SHIP CANAL POLICY.

The President's recommendation of ship canals which would allow our war and merchant vessels to run under cover of land almost from Boston to New Orleans is the extension of an old idea, and one which has been generally favored. As is well known there are long, narrow islands lying off the coast of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, which form sounds that with the Dismal Swamp Canal admit of almost continuous island navigation from the mouth of Chesapeske Bay to the eastern terminus of the ship canal now being constructed across the peninsula of Florida. Then the connection between the Delaware River and the Chesapeake Bay, and the canal across Cape Cod will, in time of war, enable our vessels to pass almost from Boston to New Orleans, with very little danger from an enemy's cruisers. This may be of immense advantage to us in enabling a concentration of our fleet at exposed points.

There is one consequence to the adoption of this policy that the President does not forecast. If the Government embarks upon the program of furnishing a shield along our Atlantic coast behind which our vessels can pass in safety, it commits itself to the policy of extending the plan, so as to include the enlargement of the Erie Canal to the capacity of a ship canal, and the construction of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers Canal, to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. This would make a continuous covered way for our vessels, almost as long as that from Boston to New Orleans, and one of still more commercial importance.

COL. FRANK WOLFORD, one of the characters well known to the old soldiers of the Armies of the Cumberland and Ohio, will be the "eccentric" of the present House. WOLFORD is a typical Kentucky "Mountain" politician—bold, tonguey, ignorant and demagogy, but with a rude force of character that, if turned in the right direction, and assisted by education, might have made a great man of him. When the war broke out he became an ardent Unionist, and did as much as any other one man toward holding Kentucky in the Union. He raised the First Kentucky Cavalry down among the Rockcastle Mountains. It was made up magnificent fighting material, and led by WALFORD with energy and courage, but the scorn of leaders and of the frills and furbelows of military discipline was a source of constant hilarity to the other regiments associated with it. "Wheels" and "lines" "fours right," and other manuvers were held in utter contempt. The men flocked up to the front "ez fast ez they could git thar," and "went in" wherever they thought they could do the most good. When WOLFORD wanted to deploy them he would yell "Scatter out, thar, boys," and "Huddle up, now!" when he wanted them to "rally," or concentrate. His commands for "Prepare to mount—*Mount!*" were "Git reddy t' git on y'r critters—*Git on!*" All the same, the boys of the First Kentucky Cavalry had a way of coming into a fight, and staying there after they got in, that was very distressing to the Rebels.

The Emancipation Proclamation soured WOLFORD. He said he "Fit t' save the Union; but he'd be ——— if he'd fout t' free the niggers." He threw up his commission and became so bitter an opponent of the Union policy that he was arrested and put in irons. Since the war he has been a "hickory lawyer" in the mountains, where he

Correspondence.

PUEBLO INDIANS.

Interesting Account of a Visit to the Wonderful Aborigines—Their History, Towns, Modes of Life, Food, Religion and Amusements.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I will not expose my ignorance by endeavoring to give an extended history of these queer people, but will confine myself to such facts as came mainly under my observation during a sojourn among them.

That the Pueblo Indians are now but a remnant of a once formidable race, is undisputed, for the whole country now included in New Mexico and Arizona attests beyond a doubt. One thing is certain, they were not always contracted within the narrow territory they now occupy.

They have occupied their present location along the banks of the Rio Grande for nearly four centuries as recorded in history, and how long previous to that of course is not known, unless we accept a tradition of theirs, which is nothing more than a very transparent fairy tale, which they claim has been handed down from generation to generation since the flood, to the effect that their forefathers escaped that "superfluous dampness" by taking refuge in a hollow log, and in that rude vessel managed to survive until the "water soaked into the ground." Their numbers shortly increased to such an extent that they were masters of all they surveyed; but oft-repeated wars with other tribes proved disastrous, and they were obliged to sue for peace, and to escape total annihilation moved to their present location.

THEIR PRESENT NUMBERS AND LOCATION.

As I previously mentioned, these people occupy that portion of New Mexico known as the Rio Grande Valley. They number about 7,000, and are divided into 19 villages or settlements, over which one man presides as Governor or President and is elected by the tribe to serve during life. Each Village, though, has its own elective Governor, and a court composed of three old men, who look after the interests of the Village and settle all differences between the natives. They were recognized by old Mexico as citizens in 1857, and are at present recognized as citizens of the United States, but are not, under the statutes of New Mexico, allowed to vote.

IN STATURE AND APPEARANCE

they do not materially differ from other tribes of their race, being tall, strong and well made, the usual copper color, with the long, coarse black hair and dark eyes. I have, however, noticed now and then among them one with a lighter complexion and blue eyes. But this is seldom met with, as chastity among the women is one of their first laws and punished with an ignominious death when disobeyed, while the morality of the men is all that could be desired. Indeed, this is one of their few redeeming features.

I will now introduce the reader to

PUEBLO TOAS,

which is an agglomeration of one adobe house upon another, often to the hight of three stories, to which admittance is gained by ascending a ladder from the outside and sliding down a pole from the roof. Admittance gained in the succeeding stories by the same manner as to the first. The terrace, which is necessarily made by building in this manner, is the favorite lounging place of the dwellers within, who congregate there en masse during the idle season, the men smoking the inevitable cigaret, which is as highly valued by them as bread, and which in making they show no mean skill. The women lounge among themselves after the most approved fashion.

Toas proper is a Mexican Town, and during the late war was of some importance, as there was a fort located a short distance south of town, which has since been abandoned.

While in Toas I formed the acquaintance of a former Ohioan, who had resided there upwards of 20 years, and learned from him some interesting facts concerning the Pueblo Indians and their equally interesting neighbors, the lower class of Mexicans, of whose barbarous mode of worship we witnessed, and which for brutality eclipses anything in the catalog.

SAN DOMINGO.

I was at San Domingo, and enjoyed to some extent the kind hospitality of its inhabitants for several months, and had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their many peculiarities, customs, religion, etc., and of which I will shortly relate.

San Domingo is situated on the Rio Grande, about 30 miles south and west of Santa Fe, and about 70 miles south of Toas. The location of the Village is made beautiful by the varied scenery that surrounds it.

In point of architecture, San Domingo does not materially differ from Toas, except that the three-story buildings are not cut, while in their stead are those of one and two stories. The same narrow, irregular streets, or rather alleys, are seen, which, though, thanks to the women and younger members of the families, are kept scrupulously clean, while the seemingly identical barros, dogs and people are seen on either side.

After paying our respects to the *alcade*, and getting permission to stop in the Village, which permission was granted after a liberal donation of the weed to the ugly, wrinkled piece of antiquity, of which he was particularly fond, we were conducted to an adobe house, which was tenanted by the Lord only knows how many families, in which we were assigned quarters. My knowledge of the Spanish language being very limited, I found it extremely difficult to make my wants understood, but after distributing among either sex a liberal donation of tobacco, I never again experienced any difficulty in making my wants known or having them supplied.

THE HABIT OF USING TOBACCO

they probably contracted from intercourse with Mexicans and Americans, and it is painfully apparent that these people in their intercourse with either one or the other have in most instances adopted their vices, while they have as often rejected their virtues. The habit is not confined to the males, but is indulged in by both sexes to excess, and is indiscriminately used by both old and young. The effects produced by such intemperate use of the narcotic is plainly visible upon the younger members of the tribe.

Their dress is suited to the semi-tropical climate in which they dwell, and is of such a pattern as not to necessitate any change during the different seasons. The men wear leggins, generally made of buckskin, and moccasins for a foot covering; for a covering for the upper part of the body, a shirt made of buckskin or cotton is worn; while for an outer covering a blanket or quilt is worn, fastened around their loins with a girdle. The blanket is secured by the girdle in the center, and is allowed during fine weather to hang down about their lower extremities, and resembles a petticoat, but during cold or damp weather one-half of the blanket is drawn up over their shoulders and head. At night the blanket is removed and made to answer as a bed under the girdle. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, excepting that they all wear a sort of an excuse for a dress, with short sleeves and still shorter skirt, while the blanket is generally of a finer texture than those worn by the men.

THE BLANKETS

worn by these people are worthy of a brief description. They are made mostly by the Navajo and Moqui women. I can do no better than use the description another writer has given: "Some of the blankets are of the richest designs and will last a lifetime. They are mottled with all colors and devices and resemble and would make very serviceable lap-robes. Some travelers have been known to pay as high as $100 for one of them, and it is estimated that to some of them a whole lifetime has been devoted. The thread seems to be a tightly twisted or "ouber-twisted" one, of a fine wool, a thread which among our modern manufacturers is considered of the greatest durability. Remembering the primitive modes of manufacture possessed by the Indians, it is a marvel that they can produce such perfection."

The loom used by these weavers, and on which they do such marvelous work, is as simple a structure as it is rude. It is constructed by setting two posts in the ground, about six feet apart, on top of which is a stick to which the warp is secured, a similar piece of wood on which the lower end of the warp is fastened to tax posts near the ground. Sticks, the thickness of the weaver, beats or whips each thread of the material after it is placed in position in the warp. It requires from six to eight months labor of one woman to make one of the most common and cheapest blankets, while the labor required to make one of the "fancy blankets," in which all the colors of the rainbow are so artistically blended, must be stupendous.

THEIR FOOD

is wholesome, but extremely plain and coarse, and consists in the main of corn, wheat, mutton and cayenne pepper. The last named article is prized by them next to tobacco. They make bread of the wheat and corn, and make a stew of the mutton, which is highly seasoned with pepper. My experience with the "seasoned stew" was both painful and disagreeable, until I became accustomed to it, after which it was agreeable and palatable. Coffee is highly esteemed by them, and is used to some extent among those that can afford it. The oven in which they bake their bread, and sometimes a sort of sweetcake, is an out-door concern, and is built on the same principle as the American Dutch oven, only it is round, with a conical-shaped roof, and made of the same material as their dwellings-adobe.

THE COUNTRY

immediately surrounding San Domingo is better adapted to stock raising than to agricultural purposes, and considerable stock is owned by them. Irrigation is necessary to be able to raise anything, and as the soil is of a sandy nature, their irrigating ditches get filled with that element during the month of February, when the wind blows almost continually. It being necessary to clean these ditches, (which are oftentimes very large) and which requires more backbone than the men care to expend, not much attention is devoted to agriculture, and only enough grain and vegetables are cultivated to supply themselves and stock with food for the ensuing year.

THE WOMEN

perform the larger share of the work in the field, besides doing all the work in the house. The grain is made into flour by the women, which operation is very laborious. The grist-mill is very simple and consists of two stones. One of the stones is hollowed out in the shape of a trough, while the other is long and round. The grain being placed in the trough, the miller takes the other stone in both hands, and in a peculiar rocking motion grinds it until it will admit of being put through a horse-hair sieve of home manufacture.

ALL KINDS OF FRUITS

could be grown here successfully, and it is to be wondered that they do not pay some attention to their culture. There are to be seen close to the Village a number of decayed orchards, which were planted years ago, when the tribe probably had a little more ambition than than they possess at the present.

THEIR RELIGIOUS

ceremonies are attended with music, if such it can be called, from rudely constructed drums, and are occasions of much hilarity, affording no end of amusement to a spectator, and are worthy of description, but this would require too much space. Some of their religious rites are wrapped in mystery and for the enactment of which, they retire to some secret place, and a strict watch is kept to see that none but their own tribe are witnesses. An effort was made by missionaries of the Catholic faith to gain a footing among them, and it has been stated that they were successful, but this is erroneous, as they strictly adhere to the religion of their forefathers, and ignore completely the Catholic faith. There still stands in the Village a church which they claim is 250 years old, and we have reasons for believing it. The building is in a fair state of preservation, and if it has no other element to battle against in the future than it has had in the past, it is good for another century or two.

THEIR AMUSEMENTS

are variety itself, and consist in part of athletic sports, shooting, music, dancing, etc. Their national game and of which they never seem to tire, is called *palito*, and to play which calls into action all their muscle, and is an excellent test of physical endurance. I will not attempt describing the *modus operandi* of the game, for to partially describe it would do it injustice, while to give it a thorough description, would be impractible, owing to the space it would require.

WILL R. H.

Arkansaw.

To the Editor of the Blade:

A ballad, a song, or a story of a country or City, will travel further and faster, and make a more lasting impression, than all the scientific truth in the world. If it only tickles the popular fancy, the work is done, and it requires an age to undo it. One anecdote went forth—and lo! everybody imagines that Chicago girls are so remarkable for nothing else as for the size of their feet. Olney's and Smith's geographies, a generation ago, gave us a Great American Desert; and it is still almost impossible for us older ones to believe that the same country, under the names of Kansas and Nebraska, produces more wheat and oats to the acre than any other section of the Union. The story and song of the "Arkansaw Traveler" have traveled to the ends of the earth; and the impression is just as universal that Arkansas has no dwellings but the rough log cabin, with a hole in the roof, a coon-skin stretched on the wall, a troop of dirty-faced children peeping out at the door, a lazy and ragged man sitting on a stump, and a lazy dog stretched on the ground beside him. The result is that Arkansas, as it is, is less known than any other State.

ARKANSAS AS IT IS.

Not long since I visited Texas, going and returning through Arkansas, and I could not help keeping a lookout for the Arkansas Traveler. I did not find him, but some things I did find. I found a first-class railroad, splendidly equipped and complete in all its appointments, with a surprising number of cross lines moving in other directions. I found Village after Village with nearly as strong indications of business activity, with as many church steeples, and cottages as pretty as the average Village in the North can show. I found on the bank of the Arkansas River a City with shops and factories, furnaces roaring and hammers clanging, and every kind of vehicles rattling about; but this was not Little Rock. It was on the north bank. On the south bank I found, on the long, broad ridge about which the river winds, as pretty a City of 15,000 as I ever saw. Little prairie was to be seen along our route; but now and then we passed one of those vast plantations whose history runs back to "before the war"—almost as large as a prairie, some of them with huge mansions almost like those of the Virginia aristocracy of ante-bellum days. Between the farms and Villages were large scopes of forest, gigantic trees, 70 or 80 feet to the lowest branch, straight as an arrow, the finest timber in the world. Here and there were saw-mills, each running three or four saws, and shipping millions of feet of oak, pine and walnut in every direction. Passengers came on board at every station, and I was surprised to see them looking as robust, as healthy, as vigorous, and as intelligent, and the ladies as well dressed and as handsome, as the average that I have seen in other States of the Union. And among all these I saw about one in 50 that I suspected might be the man found by the Arkansaw Traveler.

NATURAL POLITENESS.

Let me relate an incident. I suppose that Arkansas is about as dangerous a place as Texas for a bully to go to; but from personal observation at both points I think Arkansas is a little safer place for a gentleman than Cincinnati. The general urbanity of the people astonished me more than anything else. This is what I propose to illustrate. We stopped at one station and traveled about 40 miles by stage. On our return, the stage—a large spring-wagon without top—was loaded with men. They were of different types. One had a bottle of whisky. One was a minister. We came to a creek where a party had stopped to water their horses. There were two women and a little girl, apparently very poor. They wore sun-bonnets and faded calico dresses. The horse was poor and the two vehicles was as shabby and ragged an old specimen as I ever met with. One of the women had unhitched the horse and led him back to the water, and had just turned to come up the bank as we reached the level after crossing. Our driver stopped. A well-dressed man hopped out of the stage, and with a bow offered his assistance. He led the old horse up to the vehicle—I don't know what you can call it—hitched him in, assisted the woman to her seat, and then as she heartily thanked him, he politely bowed her good day, lifting his hat clear of his head. In a moment he was in the stage again, and on we went. After my experience in the North, it struck me that this was all for sport, and that the men would have lots of fun about the affair. From that moment on to the end of our journey, not one man uttered one syllable about it. Not a sneering remark was made, no joke or pun, no remark of any kind—not one single word! I had to confess to myself that I never saw more politeness than this.

A. C.

Mission of the Republican Party.

To the Editor of the Blade:

TIPTON, Mitchell Co., Ks., Nov. 15, 1883.

As a Republican I believe in freedom of conscience, and freedom to express my honest convictions, and to work and vote accordingly. Neither do I think a man needs be a fanatic to labor in the Prohibition cause, as "B. L. H." seems to think. He mourns over the fact that in some States the Republican party is the champion of Prohibition. He forgets that the same party grappled with and throttled the demon of negro slavery and secession, and as a live party, a party of progress and advance, it can not remain idle, its destiny is otherwise. It may suffer temporary defeat and disaster, the zeal of some may cause blunders, while others may cowardly desert its ranks, but the same power that molded and preserved the party will, if true to its principles, lead it to greater victories. The rum shop and Mormonism must go and the Republican party will be the lever to move and disassociate the zeal of some may cause it. In conclusion let "B. L. H." read carefully the editorials of the BLADE. That will cause him to repent in sack cloth and ashes, and help to "pulverize the liquor power."

CHRIS KISER,
Late of 17th Iowa Vet. Vol.

Effect of Republican Victories in the South.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

DOVE PARK, Ark., Nov. 21, 1883.

The news of the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was hailed with much delight by the Bourbons throughout the State, and had it not been for the great Republican victories in the North, I think it likely that they would by this time have had schemes on foot to have built a new heaven and a new earth, much less new railroads and hotels for the negros and Radicals to enjoy by themselves, unless it should please a Southern God (Bourbon) to honor us with a call. I will explain that it is well known that a Bourbon who used to own slaves, is to the poor uncultured white man of the South, as the old dilapidated wooden god is to the heathen Chinaman in China. But lo! the news came that darkened their brightest hopes. Their future was dark and their faces were dark and sad. The poor, unlettered negro knew at a glance, from the sad and gloomy-looking face of his oppressor that good news in the land had come for him. So he just displays his ivory and shouts for joy, without further evidence. Then when his more intelligent neighbor tells him that the North had again tripped up the despot's foot at the ballot box, and that our country was once more free, he rejoices again and declares that he knew something good had happened from the looks of the old Bourbon's face.

I think the Bourbons will find that no decisions of the Supreme Court will ever cause the Southern Republicans to split from the Northern Republicans to join their ranks, for two well we know that if it was not for the Republicans and true Democrats of the North, that to-day we would be skeletons or slaves, in place of men with a future; that through the influence of the loyal people of this United States the time will soon come when we can go to the elections and vote as we please, without any dread of assassination.

WM. C. DUTHERAGE.

A Wisconsin Republican Speaks.

GRATIOT, Lafayette Co., Wis., Nov. 15.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

"B. L. H.," of Winfield, Kansas, in the BLADE of November 15, says: "Those Republicans who favor Prohibition are fanatics, traitors, spies, Benedict Arnolds, etc." These are very harsh names to call his political associates, but there is the consolation that assertion is not proof, and we are not inclined to believe that Prohibitionists are the sum of all villainies until we get better proof thereof than any advanced by "B. L. H." This correspondent of the BLADE appears to forget that the Republican party is a party of principle and progress. He says: "I do not believe the question of Prohibition properly belongs in a political platform." We ask him, why not? What is the object of a political party if it be not to express its views in its platform? Will "B. L. H." please inform us who who were the fanatics, traitors and Benedict Arnolds? In this district we know what we are talking about, for although we are a Temperance Republican we vote the straight Republican ticket and we know of scores and hundreds of Temperance Republicans that do likewise, and we are cognizant of another fact, viz: that if Temperance Republicans were as treacherous as whisky Republicans, the Republican party would soon be something of the past. The plain English and truth of this matter is, that the temperance element in the Republican party are the bone, sinew and vitality of that party. In conclusion, allow us to state to "B. L. H." this political axiom, viz: No nation can exist unless its inhabitants are intelligent and virtuous, and then ask him this question: Does the liquor interest of the United States add to the intelligence and virtue of the people of America?

ALFRED COOK.

Prohibition Is Our Motto.

To the Editor of the Blade:

As a Republican I believe I have the right to protest against the efforts of so-called Republicans who are endeavoring to divert or retard the Republican party in its advance upon another of the strongholds of National evils. "Let slavery alone," was the cry which came up from the horror-struck Whigs, when a few noble "fanatics" dare to speak against that glarringsin. "Let slavery alone or you will ruin the party." And now the cry goes up, and even from my own State, (Kansas) for my home is in Sedgwick County, "Let whisky alone or you will ruin the Republican party." The Whig party, as such, was too weak to grapple with the question of slavery, but the war against the inhuman traffic once begun could not stop, and the principle involved created a party to sustain it. The Republican party must to control the Liquor power, or else the Republican party must go. The cause of Prohibition is the cause of God, of humanity, and of right, and must and will succeed. The same alternative is to-day placed before it that was placed before the Whig party, and as the history of one is the history of the other will be, if it fails, in this emergency, to place itself fairly upon the platform of right.

I am Wintering in Texas where Prohibition is scarcely known, but I am watching with deep concern the Temperance movement in my home State, and it grieves me to see a worthy soldier raise his voice against those principles he fought to sustain.

B. B. ROSS.

Gordon, Texas.

The Death Penalty.

MILLS CITY, O., Dec. 3, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

This is a question of vital importance that should engage the minds of all well-meaning and law-abiding citizens, for it is an evident fact that capital punishment is not fulfilling its desired mission, or having the salutary effect upon society that it should have in deterring men from committing crime. With two executions in adjoining Counties we see crime as rife as ever, and the crime wave moving along all the same irregardless of the death penalty. It appears that each execution has a tendency to make more criminals. Each execution hardens the minds of men and creates in their minds a disregard for the sacredness of human life; whereas, if life confinement at hard labor was the penalty for this worst of crimes, a great portion of this senseless, weary faltering with justice would be avoided, and the chances for teaching the rising generation the sacredness of human life would be greatly strengthened. A code upon our statutes that is founded upon a spirit of retaliation and revenge, as the death penalty is, cannot have a salutary effect upon society from the fact that it is inconsistent with civilization and Christianity. We usurp the power that never was delegated to man. We take from our fellow man that which we cannot restore.

W.

Dakota Territory.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, BEADLE CO., D. T., October 29, 1883.

I arrived in Hand County, DAK., one year ago last March. There was no settlement here at that time. Now the land is all taken within 20 or 30 miles of Washington, and settlers are living on the most of their claims. I live on the east slope of the famous Wessington Hills, 25 miles west of Huron, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. We have very fine farming land. The soil is a heavy black loam from one to four feet deep, with clay and gravel subsoil. The land is very productive. All kinds of small grain do well here, and vegetables cannot be excelled. I never saw a finer quality of potatos raised than we have here. Wheat is yielding from 15 to 30 bushels per acre; oats 30 to 70; flax eight to 16. There is a company erecting a flouring mill at St. Lawrence, about the center of Hand County. The capacity is 100 barrels per day. This will be a great help to us, as it will give us a good market for our wheat. This is a profitable locality for stock raising, and many are taking advantage of it, introducing a good quality of stock. Cattle did well last Winter on prairie hay, without grain.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Ready for Battle.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SAUK CENTER, Minn., Nov. 21, 1883.—Some men in the Republican party are overmuch disturbed, because the "vexed question" has got into politics. I am a Republican myself, but I am not "vexed" because such is the case, but on the contrary I can find cause for rejoicing that the grand old party is "buckling on the armor" for the conflict which is upon us. In the days of '61 the Republican party marched to the front to battle for the right, and now when the Democratic party is the second time arming itself, (so to speak) to do battle for the bondage of slavery, the slavery of "the wine cup," the great Republican party is shaking off the lethargy which for some time has held sway, in some States at least, and is coming to the rescue.

N. T. HALE, Republican.

Burdick, Ind.

To the Editor of the Blade.

We consider this the most business station on the Lake Shore Railroad, between Toledo and Chicago. The village has 100 people, and is situated on the banks of the Calumet. The country roundabout is splendid, for all sorts of agriculture. We can raise from 15 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, 30 to 75 of corn, 30 to 60 of oats, and as high as 500 of potatos. We have both timber land and prairie. Land is worth from $40 to $100 an acre.

WM. SAM. MORRIS.

Burdick, Ind., Dec. 3

A Disgusted Northerner.

HIGHLAND, Macon Co., N. C., Nov. 1.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

It is represented all over the country that this mountainous section of North Carolina is very healthy, very productive, and possesses all that is necessary to make home a paradise—in fact, that it is a land overflowing with milk and honey, which can be scooped in at the small price of $2.50 per acre, and, furthermore, we are told that Northern mudsills are made welcome, asked to partake of the fat of the land, be contented, healthy and happy.

Now, will some one be so kind and obliging as to tell us why nine out of 10 Northerners who come to this Land of the Sky humbug get away as soon possible, while the 10th, who remains, becomes so reduced in finances that he can't get away?

Will Northern fools still continue to come here at great expense to satisfy a visionary, unscrupulous speculator? Will some of the good people of Highland explain to us why those who come here with liberal ideas in regard to religion are prosecuted and driven to the wall, and why men who profess to be great Temperance men fall down on their knees on election day and humbly vote the whisky ticket? Some of these things look strange to

THAT FOOL.

Fight Them Both Together.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WHITE ROCK, Wis., Dec. 5.

The position the Democratic party has taken in different parts of the Union relative to the liquor business, and the success it has been achieving by calling this destroyer to its aid, are, it seems to us, sufficient reasons for all Republicans to use their united efforts to have both rum and Democracy die together. They have lived together in peace, and why may they not die the same? We read that "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together," but some say the lamb will be inside the lion (no disrespect for Holy Writ).

The case is clear. We must conquer both rum and Democracy to gain a complete victory. It is best for us not to fight them as distinct opponents, as some of our party think we should. The time was, perhaps, when we could have done so with some show of reason, but now not even the Democratic party expect us to fight it and its ward as separate issues, and it is our business to see that they are not disappointed.

M. B. WARNER.

The Men for 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

All eyes are looking to the next canvas with hope and eagerness, so a few words to my friend Republicans may be advisable. In preparing for the race let us reason like sensible men should. In the first place, let us select the most available men we can get. We have plenty of good men, but we must select them whom we can elect. The Democrats will select a man who can carry the doubtful States, if possible. So let us be wise and counteract them, if possible, and to do this I suggest the names of Alfred G. Porter and Robert Lincoln. Porter is a tower of strength in Indiana and New York, and the name of Lincoln will arouse enthusiasm every where in the United States.

LEVI WOODRUM.

Putnam Co., Ind.

The Blade is Right.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I do not know what your correspondent at Crowley, Kan., means by denouncing the Prohibitionists as "fanatics," and warning Republicans to beware of them. Why does he apply that to those who oppose a power that has been an evil since society began—an evil that is filling our jails, almshouses and hovels with crime—an evil that furnishes the gallows with nine-tenths of its victims? If to oppose this is to be a fanatic, then I am proud to say I am a fanatic, and I want the grand old party to become fanaticized. The BLADE is right. The only way is to Pulverize the Rum Power.

F. W. MCGUIRE.

Duncannon, Perry Co., Pa.

Keep the Ball Rolling.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I can't hold my peace any longer. I must speak. The BLADE has been a family necessity for a good many years, and now you have made it doubly so by your position on the Rum Power. I say keep the ball rolling, and let every good and moral citizen fight this curse until we get it beneath our feet. You have my hearty congratulations.

D. B. S.

Valley County, Neb.

Amen.

To the Editor of the Blade:

TRADAGHTON, TIOGA CO., PA., Nov. 26, 1883.

This is the thought that is upermost in my mind as I lay the BLADE down after reading your editorial on the rum question. I can but thank God that there is one of the many thousand papers that dare stand for the right. The Temperance cause is of God and it must triumph sooner or later.

R. H. WARBINER.

Why use a gritty, muddy, disagreeable article when Hood's Sarsaparilla, so pure, so clear, so delightful, can be obtained. 100 doses, $1.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

For ten cents in stamps we will send our beautifully illustrated Christmas book, "Old King Veryglum." A nice present for the little ones.

BABCOCK & Co., 243 State st., Chicago, Ill.

A $10,000 Thanksgiving.

Chicago, Ills., Dec. 4th, 1883. Received of J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky., for the Henry College Lottery Co., Ten Thousand Dollars cash, in full paymont for my Prize Ticket, No. 80,443 drawn Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29th, in Louisville, Ky. C. J. Schmidt, 331 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. The following parties also drew prizes in the Great Henry College Lottery Thanksgiving Drawing: Ticket No. 78,330, whole $80,000, sold by J. Boas, No. 402 Montgomery street, Room 4, San Francisco, Cal.; Ticket No. 84,326, $5,000, sold to W. H. Leager, Denmark, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sent by letter; Ticket No. 57,263, $2,500, sold to E. M. Hawkins, Windsor, Henry County, Missouri, sent by letter; Ticket No. 40,668, $2,500, sold by J. M. Trader, Dayton, Ohio; Ticket No. 60,740, $1,000, sold to A. Botto, Cairo, Illinois, sent by letter; Ticket No. 44,268, $1,000, sold by W. Scott Glore, Louisville, Ky. $30,000 for $2. Grand Holiday Drawing Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1883. 1,887 prizes, amounting to $110,400. Tickets only $2; Halves, $1. Address your orders to J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky.

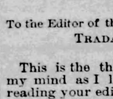
Through Yellowstone Park.

CHEYENNE, W. T., Dec. 10.—Articles of incorporation were filed to-day of the Wyoming, Yellowstone Park & Pacific Railroad. Among the incorporators are L. Dupont, the famous powder manufacturer. A. R. Converse, President of the First National Bank of Cheyenne, W. T., and A. Hale, Governor of Wyoming. The road runs through the coal, iron, soda and petroleum region of Western Wyoming, the National Park and Montana. Construction will begin in the Spring.

A Clergyman Garroted and Robbed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Last evening at 6:50 o'clock the Rev. Dr. Bache, of No. 131 East Fifty-second street, who was walking along Fifty-first street, on his way home, was attacked by three men, one of whom clasped him around the throat with both hands from behind, and putting his knee to his back bent his head upward, the second man opened his coat, and the third man relieved him of his watch, valued at $500, a diamon pin worth $350, $250 in bills, and two diamond scarf-pins, worth $300 each. After almost strangling him, they dragged him across the street by the neck and left him lying on his face unconscious.

VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL S.



TRADE MARK.

DUNN & SCHURR, Boarding and Sale Stables, 148 East 24th street.

ELLIS SPAVIN CURE Co.—

Dear Sirs: We were having an occasion to put a valuable horse in condition for a race, and during the time the horse his work he threw out a curb in consequence of which I would have sold him, at that time for two hundred dollars ($200), or less. Hearing of the virtue of Ellis' Spavin Cure I tried it with good results. In two weeks the curb was gone, and the horse sound. In two weeks more the cord was gone, and the horse going sound. I put him in condition again, and in two months we sold him for as many thousand dollars. I have words hundreds when he had the curb. The horse is at present boarding at our stable, and being driven on the road every day. We can safely recommend your Spavin Cure Liniment for all bone diseases and callous lumps of any kind, if properly used.

Yours, with respect, DUNN & SCHURR.

STARRIN PLACE STOCK FARM,

FULTONVILLE, Montgomery Co., N. Y., July 31, 1883.

THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE Co. Gentlemen: Remedies received in good shape. Send me a glass gian by express, to Fonda, well packed, and I think it will come all right. Also send me a dozen cards with a horse head and shoe on. I have taken off several curbs, "one very bad;" cured a case of Sweeney and Navicular disease with the Spavin Cure, and restored several worn-out horses with the Powders. Yours respectfully,

CHANDLER QUINTIN, V. S.

J. H. Whitson & Son, 24th St., N. Y., says: "We have used Ellis' Spavin Cure in our stables for two years, and the time tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swelled ankles, shoe quitter sore throat, and for general stable liniment it is the best article we have ever used.

"I would gladly recommend your Spavin Cure to all, with perfect confidence as to the result," writes M. J. T. Harris, Ecobomy, Mo.

"We believe Ellis' Horse Remedies to be the best articles on the American market." Straus & Bauman; East 24th street, New York City.

"Too much cannot be said in praise of your most valuable remedies," says Langan Bros., N. Y.; "we have produced results with them such as we have not been able to do with any others."

Send for free book of testimonials, describing all our specialties. ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO., Boston, Mass., and New York City.

NEW Send me 15 names and postoffice addresses of children between the ages of eight and twelve YEARS and I will send you a package of Beautiful New Year CARDS Free. Every boy wants to go calling. Send the 15 names and receive cards by return mail. Address EDWARD BARRY, Cleveland, O.

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One-fourth pound beautiful specimens and price list cut-settlers, 10c. silver and 3c. stamps. Photo Frames (Horse-shoe or Square), 50c. Crosses, 50c. by mail.

MINERAL CURIOSITY CO.,
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Mention the Blade.

OLD FRAMES MADE NEW, or anything regilded, with Goodrich's Patent Gold Composition. One package by mail, 50c. Agents wanted. C. L. GOODRICH, 188 Ohio street, Chicago.

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FOR SALE—80 acres Improved Land, Buildings, Stock, &c. Mrs. M. J. T. Harris, Ecobomy, Mo.

WANTED—Address of Dr. Sales, of Hospital No. 7, New Albany, Ind. J. F. F., Equity, Kas.

FARMERS' Own Paint Book. Send 25c for it to Charles W. L. Howard, Ware, Mass.

75 mixed chromo cards, with name, 10c. Sample free. E. E. FOWLER, E. Guilford, Ct.

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FOR 1884.

THE COMPANION presents below the Announcement of its Fifty-Seventh Volume. Its unusual character, both in the range of its topics, and its remarkably brilliant list of Contributors, will, we trust, be accepted as a grateful recognition of the favor with which the paper has been received by more than 300,000 subscribers.

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My First Visit to a Newspaper Office, by **Murat Halstead.**
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Please mention where you read this advertisement.

He Took the Hint.

Chicago Telegram.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
By Autumn's

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post-office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SOCIAL ETIQUET.

V.

If I were at a Quaker meeting and one of the sisters, the spirit would move me to day to discourse upon the ethics of visiting.

"Ethics of visiting!" Such is the exclamation that comes wafted to me on the still air, and in fancy I hear other words fol low: "What is there about visiting one's friends or receiving them at our own house, except to make the occasion one of pleasure all around?"

That is it. To make it one of *pleasure* to all parties concerned, and this is not always so easy. It takes tact, good will, and watchful courtesy, both on the part of the entertainer and the entertained; not necessarily a knowledge of fashionable rules, for some of the rarest, sweetest hospitality I ever saw exercised, was in an old-time farm house, whose owners had not been away from their "ain" fireside for a full quarter of a century. There was a warmth of welcome that bore the impress of real feeling. It was as if they said as did Lady Macbeth to her king:

"All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors, deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house,"

but unlike her there was no deadly thought concealed. It simply seemed as if the presence of a guest in their house brought a serene happiness to the passing days for which they felt themselves indebted.

You understand that I am now speaking of *visits*, not the calls by which the social world is bound together. These I shall talk about by and by.

First, as to your duties as a hostess. These begin with the invitation. Never give that in an indefinite way, if you have any intention that it shall be accepted. Do not say "come and spend the day with me. I am always at home, and your presence will not put me out a bit." Or "do come and make me a long visit, just any time when you feel like it."

The polite thing to do, and the only proper way, is to mention a day when it will be convenient for you to receive your friend or acquaintance as a guest. Otherwise, if she takes you at your word and selects her own time, there are nine chances in 10 that it will be just that one of all others when the presence of the most agreeable visitor is the least to be desired, when it is almost impossible to entertain her, when, in fact, her coming gives you the sensation of a dash of rain out of a clear sky when you have your Sunday clothes on and no waterproof or umbrella. The probabilities are that your cook is gone, or, if you do your own work, you are not well and have decided upon a "cold bite" for dinner; one of the children has been taken sick; you have some work that *must* be finished by nightfall, or one of the other myriad things has chanced that come to a housekeeper, which you could have provided against had you expected your guest at any appointed time. In an evil hour I once accepted such an invitation, pressingly repeated many times and oft. Had the Fates combined to bring it about, I could not have chosen a more unlucky time for my visit. The house was in disorder, the girl gone, the eyes of the hostess swollen with weeping over some hasty words spoken in the morning by her liege lord, and everything was awry. I knew, in spite of polite expressions to the contrary, that I was decidedly *de trop*, and withdrew as soon as possible.

The same rule applies to longer visits. Unless it is a very intimate friend, whose presence would be welcome under all circumstances, *always* name a time when you would like to have a visit, and also mention the expected duration. Now do not exclaim against the latter part of this rule. It is not only etiquet, but the greatest kindness possible to your guest. She will then know what arrangements to make, what sort of wardrobe to bring, and feel perfectly at ease after her arrival. It will relieve you of all embarrassment, should you expect other friends, and have but the one guest chamber. It will also prevent the visit from becoming a drain upon a limited income. It is an easy matter to have the stay lengthened if it should be desirable and convenient for both, and a good deal easier for you than to shorten it, even if the necessity seems to you to be imperative.

"If I should do that," says some one, "my friends would be angry." Let them, then. It would simply show a lack of good sense. But they will not. In almost every instance it will be a relief, but in any case it is the thing to do.

When your guest arrives give her such a greeting as will at once make her feel that she is cordially welcome. If she has come from a distance, let her be shown to her room at once, which should be in perfect readiness for her reception. A bouquet of flowers upon the table or bureau is a pretty reminder that her arrival was looked forward to with pleasure. Have one or more bureau drawers empty for her convenience, and ample space in the clothes-press to hang her dresses. All of these things betoken such careful thought for her comfort as to at once make her feel at home.

In those last words lies after all the whole secret of a refined hospitality. When I say "at home," I do not mean that you should neglect anything that will conduce to her pleasure, but let there be no fussiness, nothing obtrusive about your efforts for her entertainment. Do not let her feel that she has upset all of the usual household arrangements, that she is making anybody uncomfortable by breaking in upon their general method of ordering their lives day by day. If your house and surroundings are as good as you can afford, offer no apology for a lack of luxury even tho your guest comes from a home of wealth. Make no profuse apologies about anything. It is the hight of vulgarity to sit down to the table with visitors and keep up a running fire of explanations and excuses about what is placed thereon. If your guests are invited, it is to be supposed that you have done your best to cater for their gastronomic pleasures, and an apology is out of place; if they have come in unexpectedly, they must expect to partake of what has been prepared for the family, and excuses only serve to show that you are disturbed by their presence, and therefore render them uncomfortable. A pleasant, cordial welcome to what is before them is the very best seasoning for plain food, and will often make it seem an ambrosial feast. Even tho mortified by some unusual untidiness, better let it go by without explanation, trusting that some future occasion may show that it was accidental and not the normal condition of things.

[Right here let me urge upon you to always make your table look neat. Have tablecloth and napkins clean, and your dishes shining by proper washing; set them on in good order, so that they shall not look as if fired out of the cupboard hap-hazard and left to light where they please; let spoons, knives and forks be polished to the utmost, and with these things all right, a very limited bill of fare will give pleasure. I well remember sitting down once to a hospitable board which was truly immaculate in its appearance. Everything was absolutely shining, and in the center of the table was a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The very sight was appetizing. What do you suppose we had to eat? Nothing but the whitest of bread, the sweetest of butter and a generous dish of strawberries, winding up the repast with a cup of fragrant tea, but I never enjoyed one more. The hostess offered no word of apology, but was so bright and pleasing, so evidently glad to see me, and made the time pass so delightfully that the memory lingers with me like a strain of sweet music heard in the vanished past.

Study the taste of your guest and adapt your conduct accordingly, having the tact to make her pleasure seem yours. Do not oblige one who is fond of out-of-door life and gay company to stay quietly within doors, even if you dislike going out yourself; *per contra*, do not force one who likes retirement to go here and there, meeting strangers, and doing just the opposite of what pleases her.

Do not leave a guest unnecessarily long to her own devices, so that she will feel neglected, but if your *duties* require your presence elsewhere, excuse yourself in a few quiet words and go wherever it is necessary to attend to them, returning as soon as it is possible.

"It is such a nice place to go," said one who had just returned from a visit. "You do not feel while there as if you were putting anybody out, or causing any trouble, yet, in looking back, you are conscious that there was really a constant thought and care for your comfort and pleasure. That is what I call true courtesy."

Of course, there are some attentions that are always due to a guest and not to be forgotten. She must always be first helped at the table, unless an old person is present, in which case age should have precedence. The pleasantest seat must always be offered, if there is a choice, the most entertaining book, the nicest fruit, the prettiest flowers, but all of these things must come as a matter of course, and not be given obtrusively.

"Speed the parting guest" is a rule which should invariably be observed. Never *insist* upon a longer stay when you find your visitor has made arrangements to go, but help her in every possible way to get off at the time appointed. If you desire the visit extended say so in words that will carry conviction of your wish, and let it end there. If she still feels that she must terminate her stay, place no obstacle in her path, but rather smooth out any that may arise. This is the truest kind of courtesy, just as much so as that which dictates the kindliest welcome to the arriving guest.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Scarf. Materials—A piece of light felt with a greenish tinge, called sea foam color, 1¾ yds long and ¾ yd wide; ¼ yd sage green felt of full single width; 1 doz skeins yellow filoselle.

Cut the ends of the scarf up 4 ins in strips ⅛ in wide. Cut the sage green felt in four strips ⅜ yd long and ⅜ wide. Cut two of these nearly across the width in strips one-third in wide and put it under the ends of the scarf. Cut so as to come a little below the fringe on that. Run it across to make it firm. Then embroider a pattern of yellow jasmine, or any other pretty vine on the other two strips of sage green and put them on as bands just above the fringe. This is very pretty and not expensive, the beauty lying in the combination of colors.

Some one wants to know if the pamphlet on "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be of help in making Christmas presents. Certainly it will. Send for it and see. It will be forwarded post free by sending 25 cents in silver or postal note to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Household Editor Toledo BLADE, Toledo, O.

Panels.—Algie or sea-moss panels are very pretty and appropriate for Christmas gifts. The background is of emerald green and white. The paint, which should be somewhat shaded, is put on with a bristle brush, and represents as nearly as possible sea-foam. Do not make the dark shades too dark or the delicate fibers of the moss will not show. Arrange the moss on the panel before the paint is entirely dry. Very small shells and pieces of broken shell add to the effect. Black velvet with a spray of water lilies, in "Kensington painting" and framed in gilt, is very pretty, or the ends may be trimmed in fringe and used for a tidy.—LEO, Box 235, Glenwood, Ia.

Hair Chains.—A number have asked for directions for making hair chains, and as no one has given them, I will do so. First, take a round board measuring 10 inches across. Care must be taken to have the board perfectly smooth. Saw a round piece out of the center four inches across, and bevel the edge. Now divide the board into 16 equal parts, on the outer edge of the board numbering in this way: 1, 6, 3, 8, 5, 2, 7, 4, 1, 6, 3, 8, 5, 2, 7, 4. Now your board is complete. Lay it over a high crock, or a stone churn does nicely. Take a wire one-eighth of an inch thick and 10 inches in length; wind a cord on one end and fasten a weight to it; the other end wind also with a cord, and fasten the cord to the ceiling, letting the lower end of the wire hang into the crock. Now take 16 strands of hair, with 16 hairs in each strand, and fasten a piece of thread about 5 inches long to one end of each strand; tie a large nail or spike to the other end of the thread, take the other end of the strand and fasten to the lower end of the wire above the crock; lay the strands over each number on the board. Now you are ready for work. Take No. 1 in one hand and No. 1 on the opposite side in the other hand, and cross the strands from one side to the other, having a strand on each side of the wire; then take No. 2 and work the same way, and continue with 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8; then commence with No. 1 again. When you have your chain completed boil in soapsuds before taking from the wire. When dry, slip off the wire and draw a silk cord through it. Make two pieces and get mounted, and you will have a beautiful watchchain; or make over a smaller wire and you will have a very nice and stylish neckchain. Try this and report.

Will the editor or some member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make a pretty dusting cap, for I am very much in need of one?—CITY GIRL.

"Subscriber," in a skein of Germantown there is two "knots," and four knots of any kind of yarn will make a large hood. I have just finished one, using two skeins of Germantown, star-stitch, for hood and making border, and four-inch cape, and strip up seam, where hood joins together, of fairy zephyr shell-stitch. Mine is crocheted.

I will send double-diamond lace, if any one wants it.

If those who make panel lace will listen, I will tell them something that will add to the beauty. When you come to those places in the panel where you throw over thread and narrow, and then purl across, if you will throw over the thread twice, and narrow by seaming, it will keep it from being a ridge at top of panel or bottom as case may be.—JESSAMINE.

Evening Hood.—"Lulu," I have the directions for Evening Hood, for which you asked in the BLADE of October 25. I have them pasted in my scrap-book, and (begging your pardon) if you had had yours in a similar place you would not have lost them. Get wooden needles about the size of a small penholder; get either pompadour, wool, or split zephyr, of white or a delicate color. Cast on 60 stitches, knit plain garter stitch, very loose, until you have a piece about 15 inches long. Slip half the stitches (that is 30) onto a hairpin and bend it over so they won't slip off, then knit the remaining 30 back and forth until you have a strip about 20 inches long, bind off, then go back and take those stitches off the hairpin onto the needle and knit back and forth until it is as long as the other; bind off. Now if you hold the work up it will look very much like a pair of pants. Crochet a pretty shell border around the whole thing, gather and put a tassle on each of the lower ends. Gather the top loosely and put a large ribbon bow of the same color on the top of the gathers and the hood is done. To wear it, put the part with the bow on just above your front hair, cross the two ends behind and tie them under your chin. The amount of yarn required is not given.—ALWAYS BUSY.

Shell Lace.—For Invalid Fannie.—Cast on 18 stitches.—First row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—twice—n—k 8—o—n; 3d row—k 12—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 1; 3d row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 13—o—n; 4th row—k 15—o—n—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 7—o—n; 6th row—k 11—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 2; 7th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 14—o—n; 8th row—k 17—o—n—k 2; 9th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 7—o—n; 10th row—k 11—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 2; 11th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 17—o—n; 12th row—k 20—o—n—k 2; 13th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 8—o—n; 14th row—k 12—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 2; 15th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 12—slip the remaining stitches one by one, over the first one, and knit that; 16th row—k 14—o—n—k 2. This forms one scallop. Commence from 1st row.—MINNIE MAY.

Diamond Insertion.—Cast on 19 stitches. First row—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 8. Second row—k 2—o—n—knit rest plain. Third row—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 7. Fourth row and every other row like the second. Fifth row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n 3 times—k 6. Seventh row—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n 4 times—k 5. Ninth row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n 5 times—k 4. Eleventh row—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n 4 times—k 5 Thirteenth row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n 3 times—k 6. Fifteenth row—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—twice—k 7. Seventeenth row—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 8. Eighteenth row—the same as second; then begin at the first again. I have also the diamond edging to match this insertion, if anyone would like to have it. Please say to "Ray" I have a good many patterns for lace made of feather-edge braid, which are very pretty. If she will send me her name and address, with stamp, etc., I will send her some samples. As the holidays draw near, I would like to tell the ladies how to

Crochet Slippers.—They make nice little gifts for either ladies or gentleman, and are very comfortable when one is sick and only able to sit up. With Germantown yarn and a bone hook make a chain of 16 stitches. Turn the work, and missing the stitch next the one on the hook, double crochet into the back of every stitch, increasing by crocheting three stitches in the center stitch of the chain. You now have 17 stitches on your work, formed in a point in the center; crochet back and forth, each time increasing in the center stitch and picking up only the back loop of each stitch, which makes the work ribbed. When there are done, take the first 20 stitches on one side and crochet back and forth, without increase, until you have a strip long enough to reach around the heel and join on the other side of the front, sew together, crochet a little scalloped edge around the top and sew the lower edge onto a cork sole. You may run in a ribbon around the top near the scallops and tie in a bow in front if you choose. They are pretty and warm.—MRS. F. G. KING, Ottawa, Ill.

Correspondence Clippings.

We have often been told that the loss of a companion was greater than the loss of a parent or a child. Observation has taught me that when a man dies, leaving children who are old enough to feel his loss, no stepfather, however good, can take the place of the father in those childrens' affection. Or, should a woman die, leaving sons and daughters who have arrived at the age of feeling the loss of a mother, there is no stepmother, let her be ever so dutiful, who can take the place of that mother in their affection. But should a husband or wife die, the vacancy can be filled, and things move on with evident satisfaction. I have no wife, no husband and no children.—SOMEBODY.

I see many inquiries in the BLADE by persons wanting employment, or a desire to go West, with an eye to bettering their condition in life. I say to all such, Southern California offers the very best of inducements to all industrious people, whether male or female, more especially the latter. Domestics, teachers, dressmakers, in fact every department in life is open in this place seeking employment. I know whereof I speak. I don't wish to occupy the space in these columns by entering into details. If you wish to learn anything further, you can, by addressing—A. R. ROCKHILL, Riverside, San Bernardino Co, Cal.

"I've no comfortable pain" or pet grievance to bring. Only content; perfect content. Thank God my "lines have fallen in pleasant places" and a happier girl never lived. My life is one glad, happy song, and the best part of all is, I sing it myself I have found

"It is better to hope 'though the clouds hang low,
And to keep their eves we l lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted."

JESSAMINE.

We all have our cares, perplexities and heart aches, and no one can bear them for us. Each and all persons have their portion, but none too great to bear, but instead of feasting our mind upon our troubles, why not improve it in some other way. Read good books, build air castles. If they prove but naught, why it is better than wearing yourself out over your troubles which will bring you to an early grave. If the burden gets too great to bear go to God in prayer and if you ask in faith believing, He will make "the yoke easy and the burden light." I for one do not care to have my troubles published to the world, as I believe I have my portion, perhaps not so great as some, but my shoulders are broad, and I am able to bear them and think all God's plans work together for good if we only trust him.—RAY.

It seems to me if there was more inquiring after Christ and less after latest styles and new patteras, there would be more happiness and less complaining about bad husbands. I don't wish to find fault with anybody but would like to put every complaining creature in the way to be perfectly happy. Whenever you feel a disposition to be pettish and faultfinding, take it to the Lord, lay your case open to Him, ask Him to cleanse you from all impurities, to guide and teach you what is your duty, then go ahead and your troubles will all vanish.—S. S.

I want to say something about the "snares" of which one lady made mention, that we set, in which to get the feet of innocent women entangled. The fact is, and she knows it, that nine cases in every ten the woman puts out the "snares" her little innocent self, in order to entrap the man. Well, of course he has her along when he tumbles into the trap and consequently she is "trapped" too. He seeing her situation quietly slides out and leaves her to de like-wise if she can, if not she has to do the next best thing for herself.—HONEST BACH.

Correspondence.

PROFITS OF SILK CULTURE.—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, and read the article on silk culture by Mrs. Dr. Hall, in your last number. I was induced, from articles published in your paper last year, to give the matter a trial, and have a very different experience to relate. I think it is due to the readers of the BLADE that they should have both sides of this very important subject presented to them.

My sister sent, last Spring, to the New York Silk Exchange, for 2,000 eggs, and pamphlet on silk culture, etc. They sent two varieties of eggs; both kinds had the same treatment, but one kind failed to hatch. The other 1,000 produced over 800 healthy worms. She used a coal oil stove, in a small room, to produce artificial heat, with thermometer, etc. It required about five weeks care, after the worms were hatched, before they formed cocoons. She fed last week about two hours a day in feeding, etc. They were fed on Osage orange leaves. Picking them is very much like blackberrying; you come out of the conflict badly scratched. They require constant care and watching early and late feeding. Mrs. Hall gives the profits she can make on 1,000 eggs, which looks like counting your chickens before they are hatched, and proceeds to give the figures. She neglects to state how many persons it would require to gather the leaves for that number of worms. If it requires two hours a day labor, the last week, to take care of 200 worms, how much would be necessary for 150,000?

Now for the figures in our case: 2,000 eggs, at 25 cents per 1,000, 50 cents; perforated paper, netting, etc., 82 cents; tin box containing eggs, 10 cents; pamphlet, 25 cents; total, $1.67. Trays we made ourselves. If we had expended for articles the book said was necessary, $5 would not have covered the amount. Over 800 cocoons were sent to the Silk Exchange the 1st of August. They send us word that the worms weigh 17 ounces, and must be sent to France to get $1.39 per pound, as American manufacturers will not pay a good price for them. Express charges on the same were 32 cents; 17 ounces of cocoons and three ounces waste will bring $1.55; deduct 35 cents express charges, and we have $1.20 *profit* to offset $1.67 expenses, and labor and time thrown in.

This is our experience, and we write it solely for the benefit of those who think they could make a fortune out of silk culture with very little labor and expense.—G. C. GRETSON, South Thompson, Geauga County, O.

TRAINING A CHILD.—I have a recipe for training a child for destruction, which I wish to submit to your consideration, especially those of you who are mothers, as it is the mother who can do the most in this direction. As soon as he can understand tell him he is the worst child that was ever born, that he is nothing but a plague and a torment. In reproving or commanding always speak in a loud, angry tone. If he should not obey (and he won't) fly at him, screaming at the top of your voice; hit him a clip over the head with the dish-cloth, rolling-pin, duster, or anything you happen to have in your hand; shake him up well, slam him down in a chair, and tell him to sit there till you say he may get down, then pay no more attention to him till he is in trouble again, when repeat the above with variations. Always punish him when you are angry, and the oftener you tell him you will "knock his head off," "skin him alive," "blister him," etc., the sooner he will learn that you are liar, and respect you accordingly. As he grows older, scold and fret at him, or something else, most of the time. Tell him how hard you have worked to bring him up. This will drive him to the street and into company, where he will take lessons in the "higher branches" of vice, and quite likely finish his education in the State's prison. I might add a few more rules, but if you follow these as soon as he is old enough to cease to fear you, he will defy and curse you to your face. I have seen it tried. It never fails.—JAMES B. MUNSON.

OSAGE ORANGE.—A subscriber wishes information concerning the use of Osage orange as silk worm food. It is now being very generally used as silk worm food in the Western States, and differs very little from that of the mulberry, except the branches are more generally used, without stripping the leaves. This gives a free circulation of air to the feeding worms, while leaves are apt to pack and prevent some of the worms from coming to the surface. It is now generally conceded to be as good as the mulberry; the worms are large and silk fine and strong. The tests being constantly made prove this beyond a doubt. Silk reeled this Fall by the Woman's S. C. Association from worms raised in this State, have been pronounced of "superior quality, and the yield of silk equal to any." From this fact we are greatly encouraged in the use of this new found food which abounds in these Southwestern States and the South.

There is much to be learned regarding this industry so important to our country. Silk growers from the old world tell us we have a better climate than France or Italy for the silk worm; that they are less subject to the diseases that have made such ravages among them for some years past, and are not wholly exempt now. A lady writing from France says, "you have no idea how wet and sticky and miserably damp it is. A few hours after the gathering of the leaves, they are mouldy, and within half an hour after being placed before the worms they are covered with fungi, rendering them unfit for food, and this is the situation in nearly every silk district. It is impossible to get proper food for our worms." From this it can be readily seen that we have a superior climate for the silk worm. A damp, cloudy and entire rainy day seldom or ever occurs. Our Spring rains are interspersed with genial sunshine. There is never a day but fresh dry leaves can be procured, thus giving our worms fresh dry food every day. The interest in silk culture is steadily increasing, and with the food already grown in such abundance, there is no reason why we should not reap a bountiful harvest.—MARY M. DAVIDSON, Junction City, Kan.

CANARIES.—Seeing so many asking how to care for canaries I will give a few hints as I raise a great many every year. I have no bad luck. To kill mites, use sulphur a very little in their bath, and if they are bad, moisten your finger and dip it in sulphur and rub a very little under their wings and on their heads. Wash your cage in soap suds, rub sulphur on the roosts and inside the cage. One or two applications will be sufficient.

Give your birds plenty of everything to eat. "More birds die of starvation than anything else." I feed mine seeds of every description, red peppers, apples, bread, beefsteak, etc. They love to pick chicken bones; always have something for them to pick at. Anything green never goes amiss. Give them plenty of air and sunshine, and plenty of fresh water.

This is no hearsay with me; it is facts gathered from experience, and my success with birds and poultry is the wonder of the whole country. I haven't time this morning to give my method of raising birds, but if I see a call for the information I will come again.

We start next week for a trip out on the frontier of Nebraska and Kansas, where cheap land can be got and homesteads taken, also timber claims. Anyone wishing to hear what we have seen on our return can call on me making their wishes known through the BLADE. We are going out to secure land and make our home there. The emigration from all parts of the country to Northwestern Nebraska and Northwestern Kansas is something wonderful.—SUBSCRIBER.

FLORIDA HOMES.—As cold weather comes along it is very natural to think how nice it would be if we were in Florida. It is likely many will come here this coming Winter to seek homes. To the working men of small means I want to say a few words of advice. When you come you will be beset on every hand by land agents, urging you to buy this or that land. To all such turn a deaf ear, and be sure and not buy of any one until you have looked around thoroly and know just what you want. It is better to buy of a private individual for two reasons. You get better land and get it cheaper. For the best land is not put in the market, and you have no 10 per cent. commission to agents.—FLORIDA.

Inquiries.

Can any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do for my horse? About one year ago a bunch began growing in its nostril. It is of a cheesy substance, about two inches from the opening, and as large as a hen's egg. It troubles the breathing considerably.—GEO. SINCERITY.

Will some friend of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for knitting mittens on two knitting needles, by knitting back and forth, how to shape them and the number of stitches?—RACHEL.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD correspondence inform me of the different ways I may use dried figs for the table?—G. B., Orange, Cal.

I wish some one would give me a recipe for lemon cake. I once saw a cake that was pink and white all through. How was it made?—BERGH RAY.

Will some one give directions for knitting bedspread?

Also for knitting ladies' mittens out of Saxony yarn?

Also for knitting skirts out of Germantown yarn?

Also for sacque for a little one-year old girl?

In return I will give directions for knitting diamond bedspread.—MRS. A.D. LYON, Olive Center, Ottawa County, Mich.

Will some one please tell me where I can get the poem entitled "The Burning of Chicago?"—MISS DORA BURTON, Mahomet, Ill.

Do any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD know anything of decalcomanie, or transferring pictures to china, glass, wood, silk or satin? If not, I will come some time and tell them, if the editor will give permission.—L. C. L.

We are always glad to have anything that is useful or ornamental.—ED.

Will the lady who offered to send instructions for making hair watch-chains please print them in the HOUSEHOLD, as several desire them?—MISS ANNIE GOUCH, Mahomet, Ill.

Will some one tell me if there is anything that will effectually prevent one's dreaming? I have been troubled for over five years. I can not get any benefit from my sleep, but wake in the morning more fatigued than when I retired for the night. It seems to affect my mind so much that I can not think or study about things in a rational way. My head aches for several days at a time, which I think is caused by dreaming.—MAYHALA.

Dreaming is often caused by an overloaded stomach, or the presence there of undigested food. Do you eat hearty suppers? Are you troubled with constipation? Do you take a good deal of exercise in the open air? If you answer "yes" to the first question, then I most earnestly advise you to either omit them entirely for a time or eat sparingly of what is most easy of digestion. Then go to bed in good season first rubbing yourself thoroly from head to foot with a towel which has been dipped in salt and water and then dried. If constipated, follow out the directions given in "Health and Beauty" until cured. Eat fruit, take your meals regularly, avoid getting chilled, and take all the exercise possible in the open air. If you follow these rules carefully, you will soon get over dreaming, unless your miud is anxious about something, or you have some nervous disease upon you. In either case you will find an improvement.—ED.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please send me tulip air castle pattern? I will return postage.—MISS P. M. SHIPLEY, Mankato, Kan.

Will some one in Nebraska inform me, through the HOUSEHOLD, in regard to wages of teachers, and if girls have to be 21 years of age before they can take out a homestead?—BUTTERS, Afton, Ia.

Will the lady who so kindly sent the pattern of tulip air castle please give directions, in the next, for putting it together?—MINNIE.

Will some one please send a few questions for a lyceum? We have just started one here and would like a few good questions.—D. S. K.

Will some one please tell me what I ought to feed my birds? Also how old birds have to get before they sing?—ADA.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Little Christian" wishes to know if any reader of the BLADE can point out a way by which she can learn music. There are undoubtedly many among the many thousand readers of this invaluable paper who can deeply sympathize with any lover of music who is not able financially to acquire a knowledge of this heavenly science, and also furnish means by which the desires of such an one could be gratified. If "Little Christian" will address me, answering the following questions, I will direct her so that she can soon learn the science of music and how to teach it successfully: Have you ever studied music, and have you an instrument? It will cost nothing but study.—W. W. STONE, Milton, Unatilla Co., Oregon.

If the lady that wanted to know where to get the molds for making waxwork will address me, with stamp, I can tell her where to get them, as the editor would not like to give free advertisements in the HOUSEHOLD. —L. C. P., Box 294, Brookville, Jefferson County, Pa.

Big jaw is caused by cattle hitting with their horns. Apply salt water twice a day for two or three days. It will cure when first hurt. If it gets to be a running sore, it will take as many weeks. If it originates on the roof of the tongue, put on blue vitriol and lard in equal parts every third day. —JOEL W. EMERY, Granville, Putnam County, Ill.

BILLINGS, MO., Nov. 19.—Enquirer—Yes, the sweet potato *does sometimes bloom* even in this lattitude. There were several blossome on some of my vines this season. They grew on the vines of the Southern Queen The blossoms are very much like the morning glory blosson. Some of my neighbors, also, had sweet potato blossoms on their vines this season. These were the first that I or any of my neighbors ever saw, so far as I know.—W. COMBS.

Mrs. H. Harrington asks how to destroy chiggers. The best way to destroy chiggers, or hen lice, in a hen-house, is to scald them with hot water. I keep a couple of tea kettles on the cooking stove full of water, and when it is boiling hot I take a teakettle and a tin cup, and go to the hen-house and throw the water all around on the inside. Nothing can stand hot water. Turn the poles over. I do this several times through the Summer, or as often as needed. it is little trouble this way.—L. P. DAGG, Cross Keys, Va.

AUTOGRAPH.

There are beautiful words of tongue and pen,
Spoken and written and sung by men:
But the sweetest of all, and of all the best,
Are the parting words of Christ, our Friend,
"I am with you always unto the end."

LOLA.

"L. M. Randolph," the stain can be put on a floor with spots of paint on it, but it will soon wear off where the paint is. Dissolve the stain in a little warm water and add as much cold water as you need. Boiled oil is the best, but raw will do. It should be put on cold. To keep the floor looking nice it should be oiled every four months.—JANE.

In answer to Mrs. C. H. Proctor's inquiry, I will give my way of preserving flowers. First, wax the end of the stem, and then dip the whole into a solution of gum arabic about the consistency of cream. Then return it to its vase and allow it to dry. This will prove very effectual.—MISS ANNIE GAUCH, Mahomet, Ills.

Mrs. M. Showman: An orange tree will begin bearing when seven years old from the seed. You can graft them at any age, and they will begin bearing two years after. —FLORIDA.

"Enquirer": The sweet potato blooms quite freely in this climate. I never saw one bloom in the North. The bloom looks very much like the wild morning glory.—J. T. JONES, Glendale, Fla.

I think if "Mrs. H. H." will get white lime and whitewash her hen-house thoroly, and then take alum and make a strong solution and sprinkle the perches and floor, she will get rid of the pest she speaks of in the HOUSEHOLD, November 15.—MRS. I. B. P.

I am the author of the letter signed "June," which appeared in the BLADE of October 11. It seems that I appropriated another *nom de plume*, or at least there have been other articles in the HOUSEHOLD since then, signed "June," of which I was not the author. Please forgive me, Miss (or MRS.) "June," if I have stolen your title, and to prevent further mistakes, let me subscribe myself—"JUNE," of Kansas.

"A. S. K." can remove paint from red cashmere by applying benzine or turpentine with a woolen cloth.—MINNIE.

If the person requesting reading matter in the BLADE of November 22 will send postage and address to me, I will willingly comply. I have forgotten the address.—EDITH KIMBALL, Linden, Genesee Co., New York.

M. E. C. wants a recipe for restoring gray hair. I send two which are highly recommended: 1. Take the hulls of butternuts, about four ounces, and infuse them in a quart of water, and to this add half an ounce of copperas; apply with a soft brush every two or three days. This preparation is harmless to the hair and health. 2. One pint of water, one ounce tincture acetate of iron, half ounce of glycerine, and five grains of sulphuret of potassium; mix and let the bottle stand open until the smell of the potassium has disappeared, then add a few drops of ottar of roses. Rub a little into the hair daily, and it will restore its natural color and benefit the health.—M.

A letter was received the last of October from "Wisher" asking some questions in regard to some poetry to be sent to the BLADE. Did she send it?—ED.

Recipes.

Angel's Food.—In the BLADE of November 22 I notice some one asks for a recipe for making Angel's Food, and I have found that I can send (1)—6 eggs, 1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 4 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful soda mixed in a little milk, 1 teaspoonful creamtartar, rubbed in the flour. Bake in shallow tins as for jelly cake. 2 cocoanuts, grated, 1 small cake of chocolate, grated; whites of 4 eggs, beaten some, but not to a stiff froth; 2 lbs. sugar and a tumbler of water. Boil sugar and water until it is thick, then beat in the whites until it is very white; then divide in three parts. Into the first put the cocoanut, flavor with lemon; in the next the chocolate. Then you place this in alternate layers between the cakes. When it is filled high, ice the top with the third part and sprinkle grated cocoanut over.

Angel's Food (2).—Whites of 10 eggs beaten stiff, 1 lb. sugar, ½ lb. flour, 1 teaspoonful vanilla; bake very slowly.

Angel's Food (3).—Dissolve ½ box gelatine in 1 qt. of milk; beat together the yolks of 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, and the juice of a lemon, stir into the gelatine and milk, and let it just come to a boil; flavor with vanilla. When nearly cold whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and stir through the custard; pour into moulds and set away to cool.—KATE.

Plum Pudding.—1 lb raisins, stoned and cut in half; 1 lb currants, washed and dried; 1 lb beef suet, chopped fine; ½ lb grated bread crumbs, ½ lb sifted flour, 1 lb sugar, ¼ lb mixed candied peel, sliced fine; 1 oz. bitter almonds (blanched); 2 nutmegs, grated; 2 teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves and mace; ½ teaspoonful salt, 8 eggs, 1 wine glass of brandy, 1 wine glass of wine, 1 pt of milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Being strictly temperate we omit the liquor and use ½ pint of milk. How to mix them: Prepare all ingredients the day before, except beating the eggs. Beat the eggs very light, then add to them half the milk and beat them together. Stir in gradually the flour and bread. Add the sugar by degrees, then the suet and fruit alternately; sprinkle the fruit with flour, let it sink to the bottom, stir hard, add the spice and liquor to remainder of the milk; if it is not stiff enough add a little more flour. It requires to be rather stiff or it will be heavy. Put the baking powder in last. Dip the pudding cloth into boiling water, lay in a pan, pour in the mixture, tie tight, but allow room for the pudding to swell. Boil six hours, turning it over frequently during the first hour. We eat with it sauce flavored with lemon or bitter almonds.

Make Light Bread.—Take 5 common sized potatoes, boil and mash fine; 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls yeast. Mix these together and set away in a warm place to rise. Do not keep too warm. In the morning take milk and warm water to sponge your bread. Have made it and baked it in three hours.—MRS. P. S. BUELL, New Woodstock, Madison Co., N. Y.

Blood Purifier, also Cure for the Itch.—1 pt. whisky, 2 tablespoonfuls sulphur, 1 tablespoonful Epsom or Rochelle salts, 1 tablespoonful cream tartar, a small piece of saltpeter as large as a pea. Dose, a teaspoonful every morning.—LILLA.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

Concerning the Girl Under a Big Hat.

Rushville (Ill.) Times.

The girl with a big hat seems to be all head until you talk to her.

Scrofula, that most dreaded taint in the human system, finds a perfect cure in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Our Young Folks

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

II.

Away to the Land of Games we go
Where there is naught but laughter and glee;
No shadows can come, nothing but fun,
Where the "Mufti" and "Shadow Buff" be.

Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that no shadows *should* come in this bright land where children go to enjoy themselves, for young folks, like their elders, are sometimes cross and find fault when they ought to be gay and happy. The land, you know, is just the room where you are to play, but you can imagine it to be some beautiful, far away place, fixed up by fairy hands for your pleasure, and then when you lock the door you shut out selfishness and ill temper, keeping in good nature and a determination to enjoy yourselves. This is very necessary, for so sure as you leave even a crack for those ogres to slip thro among you the fun is all gone.

The time has come now for indoor games. Down from the trees are rustling the last few leaves, withered and brown, which the frosts have left there, and it is cold and dreary enough when the evening comes to make boys and girls glad to gather around the fire and think what to do to have a good time. I forget, though, that some of my young readers live in the sunny land of the South, where the sun shines, the flowers bloom, and the soft winds blow all the year around. No matter, I think they, too, will like to know how to play

SHADOW BUFF.

Choose some one of the party for "Buff," and distinguish her by putting a paper crown cut in points upon her head. This is to show that she is expected to be the Queen of Good Guessers. Hang a sheet from the ceiling at one end of the room. Seat Queen Buff in front of it with her back to the company. Put out all the lights except one candle, which is placed upon a small stand some distance behind her. Then a solemn promise is extracted from the Queen that she will not turn her head. A procession is formed of the

DELICATE and FEEBLE LADIES.

These horrid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant strain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the blood from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia, and a dull, lazy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A Lady in Providence.

PAWTUCKET, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.—A tour of Europe that cost me $3,000 done me less good than one bottle of "Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of 15 years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness, and "blues."—R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN R. RATH, U. S. Com. Int'l Rev.

SO. BLOOMFIELD, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors I ever saw. H. S. S. BOOZE.

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, when all hope was given up. She is now in perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

FURNISHES USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the kidneys it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.

☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humor from the blood, at whatever age and whatever period in life it lurks in the system. As a marvelous result of the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham's Private Counsel Letters are given Gratis. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

☞ LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. ☜ (3)

☞ The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. ☜ Also for Spasms and Failing Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

many blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scrofula. ☞ Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removes

SAMARITAN NERVINE

as the cause. Roots bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. ☞ Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

the ills of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. ☞ Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

"Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand living citizens, clergymen, editors, druggists, bankers, and lawyers." ☞ For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. (15)

For Testimonials and circulars send stamp.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With Blade.
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 35
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 35
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 35
New York Ledger	3 00	3 40
Prairie Farmer	2 00	2 40
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 85
Scientific American	3 20	3 70
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 15
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 15
Weekly Am. Bee Journal	2 00	2 90
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake (Juvenile)	2 50	3 15
St. Nicholas (Juvenile)	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Lady's Floral Cabinet	1 25	1 95
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 65
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Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 60
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 35
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The Century	4 00	4 35

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS

In closing out our Boot trade we have left a few sets of Juvenile Books which are excellent for holiday presents. Among the lot are a few of the

"Home Twilight Series,"

published by Jas. Miller, New York. There are four volumes, published originally at $1.25 a volume. The titles are as follows:

"Ralph's Bible Class." "Briery Wood." "The Hero Without Courage." "The Young Fortune Seekers."

They are beautiful books for children, nicely printed and bound, sent in a box. We will send the set to any address for $2.

A set of these will not only be a pleasant but useful Christmas or New Year's present to any young boy up to 9 years or any older boy or girl.

Address "BLADE" Toledo, Ohio.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Farm Help.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I am a farmer in Western New York and want to ask the BLADE what farmers are to do for help to work our farms. There is a great scarcity of laborers. Many men were not able to get help by the month the past season, but the want is especially felt in the house. The farmers' wives are nearly worked to death for the want of help. There is next to none to be had in the country. Many middle-aged farmers say they will be compelled to rent their farms and move into the villages if they can't get help. The Irish girls won't stay in the country, and it is the same with the Swede and German girls, they prefer the City. We have got to have help, and the only people who are willing to do our work is debarred from coming here by the very class who refuse to do it for us. Now the Chinese law must be repealed. The farmer must be heard through the press, if political interests will allow it. If not he must find some other way. His vote must go for the party who provides him with help to do his work. The Chinese have been misrepresented, as any farmer's wife might know if she gave the matter a thought. A people who are such superior washers and ironers can be taught to do nearly all the hard work in a farm house. My wife has known them to wash, iron, scrub, churn, milk, wash dishes, prepare vegetables for the table, sweep and do nearly all the hard work better than Bridget, and with less trouble in teaching. Near us is quite a settlement of Irish, the girls will work about six months in the country for full wages, till they think they know something. Then they leave for the Villages and City. Now the party who repeals the Chinese law will some time in the future get the Chinamen's vote. Dr. Talmadge says in a recent article "And if they attend to the matter soon the farmer's vote also." We want to hear from the farmers on this subject.—SPRING POST.

Grafting.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

As you wished a short chapter on Grafting, having had some experience, would say cut scions anytime after the leaves drop and the twigs are not frozen. Take this year's growth; that which has grown from six inches to one foot is best. If cut in the Fall, should be kept in moist but not wet sand, where they will not freeze. I think best to cut in the Spring and set same day. They are more apt to grow. Cherry should be budded not grafted. Apples, plumbs and pears are best grafted. Trees or limbs not more than one-and-half inches in diameter can be successfully grafted. Cut scions at length of three buds, have a sharp knife and make a wedge so as to leave two buds on scions. Saw limb or small tree with sharp, fine saw; then split in center, having a small wedge so as to hold the split open; then place scions so as the inside bark of scion and tree will meet; then make a wax of two pounds beeswax, four pounds resin and one pounds tallow, melt all together, then pour into tub of cold water; work with your hand until it is well mixed, then it is ready for use. Be sure to cover all of the wood and cracks well with the wax. Anyone can soon learn to graft. If your wax is good and the inside bark and your scion set down to the shoulder there is no reason why they will not grow. Every boy on the farm should learn to graft. It is easy to learn, and every girl should learn to bud.—SPRING POST.

Butter Cows.

To attempt to make butter for market from a herd of common cows with the expectation of realizing the largest profit from a given sum is useless. There never was a herd of common cows that possessed butter making qualities uniformly. There is not only a difference in the yield, but in the color and quality also. Many farmers make up their minds that they will improve their herds, and look around for a genuine, thoroughbred bull. They do not stop to inquire of the breed, the ancestry, or the peculiarities, so the bull is thoroughbred, and as they feel they have made an attempt that supposes they have done their duty, but they may probably have done an injury.

We may be plain and say to farmers that no breeds will give satisfaction in the matter of butter production except Jerseys and Guernseys. There may be individual exceptions, but otherwise we are correct. Ayreshires, Shorthorns, Holsteins and Shorthorns will not do for a butter dairy. The Ayreshires and Holsteins give large quantities of milk, and of moderate richness, but such cows are not of the better class. The Herefords, Shorthorns, and Devons may increase the carcass, but are neither milkers nor butter producers. The Channel Islands stock, Jerseys and Guernseys, alone will return the profit desired.

There are reasons why the farmer should hesitate before attempting butter making with a common herd. In the first place no reliance can be placed upon such cows, and in the next place the cows will not produce good stock for another generation. The Jersey, being small, does not appropriate so large a portion of the food to the supply of bodily wants as a large cow, and her calf will possess a value of itself for future purposes. No beef is expected from her, and no large yield of milk, but she will be expected to produce butter, and for that reason becomes a machine of a certain pattern, which must be adhered to if the breeder is desirous of procuring the article sought.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

Potato Rot.

The reported rotting, in many sections, of the unusually fine potato crop makes the following of interest:

"It may be unknown to some that the cause, and the nature of this disease, which, until a comparatively recent date, has remained a mystery, is now well understood by scientific men. It is caused by a microscopic fungus, known under the name *Peronospora infestans*, which infests the leaves, stems and tubers of the potato plant and destroys their structure, producing decomposition. The blight that has prevailed so extensively this season, is the work of this parasite. It is a vegetable fungus, and though entirely invisible to the unaided eye, its life history has been thoroughly studied, and is now well understood. The minute mycelial plants grow within the cellular structure of the plant, and multiply by spores like other plants of this class. These spores falling upon the ground from the blighted leaves, may be washed down by the rains, until they reach the tuber. Finding here a congenial soil, they germinate, and the plants develop and multiply, sooner or later, destroying the entire tuber. The spores have great vitality, and may remain upon the tuber throughout Winter, to germinate the following Spring, thus spreading the disease from one season to another. The spores, which develop in the blighted leaves, may be blown by the winds from plant to plant. The disease is as truly contagious as is the small-pox.

Knowing thus the nature of the disease we are able to suggest means for staying its ravages. It has been found in England that by hilling the plants up very high as soon as the blight appears, the spores are prevented in a great measure from being washed down by the rains, and the rot, consequently, much diminished. It was found that although the spores were readily washed downward through one or two inches of the earth, they very rarely reached a depth of five inches. The experiment was repeated many times with the uniform result that where the plants were not hilled up, and the tubers lay but one or two inches deep, the percentage of the rot was very large, but where the tubers were covered to the depth of five inches the damage from the disease was inconsiderable.'

A Thought About Pear Blight.

The growing of the pear in grass as protection against blight must be upon the principle that cultivating the soil stimulates a more copious flow of sap. In our mind it is an excess in the supply of sap, uncarbonized, that in a sultry, still time starts the blight. Grass, so far as keeping the ground cooler, checks an excessive flow of sap. Our experience is that grass tends to keep or causes the ground to become dryer. And that also a check to an excessive flow of sap, at a time when the atmosphere is not in motion, but still and not coming in rapidly changing contact with the trees, leaves and branches enough to carbonize its sap. At such times we think that the newly-formed cells are surfeited to bursting.

The submitting of a healthy, vigorous growing pear branch to artificial heat, equal to the atmospheric heat that they often have to pass through, its affects upon the leaves and soft tissues of said branch will be exactly like that of the natural blight. Small patches of blight at the base of limbs, while the balance of the pear tree seem perfectly healthy and vigorous, I regard as indicative of a previous hot, stiff condition of atmosphere at a time when there was a large flow of sap, the weather changing, breezes springing up and giving relief by enabling leaves to diffuse the sap before the bursting of the new sap-cells became general and the blight extensive.

Subject a vigorously growing pear tree branch to a certain degree of low temperature; or, to subject it even after the sap has commenced movement therein in the Spring, and the effects will be precisely that of pear blight. Hence it is suggested that to avoid as much as possible the pear blight, is to avoid as much as possible these extremes in their planting, and in their culture until their too rapid growth.

Years ago I was informed that charcoal-dust mixed in the soil about pear tree roots was the best preventive for pear blight. I have since been told by those who have given it a fair trial, that with them it had proved a success; and not one have I heard claim that he had given it a fair trial and that it had not been successful.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Cure Sick Calves.

Calves get sick and occasionally a few die. There is no prescribed locality where the disease, if it is a disease, is said to exist. Such sickness has been reported from all parts of the country, but rarely south of the Missouri River. A correspondent in the Chicago *Times* says he knows all about the disease and proceeds to describe it and prescribe a remedy. He begins at the beginning, for he goes back to 40 years ago, when he was young and in England. Of course his father had a large farm and a great number of calves. Then like now, some would ail, hang their heads and refuse to slosh around the barn-yard, head up and tail erect. Being of an investigating turn of mind he watched closely the afflicted beasts, and succeeded in capturing the vermin that were the cause of all the trouble. He found the animals pastured on low, springy land, where there was much nearly stagnant water in the early Fall. The water contained the seeds of the disease in the eggs of the parasites, which, taken into the system, found the place of living in the pipes of the lungs. In a few weeks the symptoms of the disease showed plainly in a gaunt body and a universal short cough which sounded like the word "Hark"—the name in Cheshire of the ailment. The calves will be found near said water often standing in it and drinking, in an attempt to ease the itching in the throat. If they are not relieved and die, the pipes will will be full up to the larynx, of the thread like worms about two inches long. The remedy is very simple, and easily applied, being nothing else than mixing a tablespoonful of turpentine in water or other liquid given for three mornings, fasting. There are scores of cures in England for this disease, continues the correspondent, but the above is the best. He concludes his article by saying that when he found the cause he did not lose any more calves. Of course, calves that have been sick must not be given the same kind of water they got sick on, and all is well. In fact, let them abstain from water as much as possible for a few days.

Hog-Killing Time.

Christmas is about the period when the hogs on the farm are slaughtered. Hog-killing on the farm is a different matter from the methods practiced in packing-houses. The hog for the farm is one that receives all the attention that humanity can bestow, nothing being left undone for his comfort, even ignorance of his intended fate contributing to his happiness. He is the pet of all, and the more he revels in opulence and luxury the higher he is prized, until, finally, at the proper moment, he is dispatched without a sign of mercy on the part of his admirers.

It is to the period of hog-killing that the farmer looks for a fresh supply of meat. The sausage-machine is brought out to again be operated, and souse, scrapple and pickled feet are to be luxuries again for a short time. Boiling lard and packing away the carcass in the shape of pork, besides hanging the hams and shoulders for the smoke-house, is again in order. Everyone will be busy, and the choice steaks, jowls and other portions will be considered dainties until they are gone, when recourse will be had to the barrel for the pickled article, which is expected to do its part until the annual killing again takes place.

The trouble with many farmers is that they do not raise the right kind of pork. They have not realized the fact that the hog, like other animals, has been bred to suit the purposes of all. The majority of carcasses are too large and coarse, and devoid of quality. It is the object of most farmers to grow large hogs as a matter of economy, but economy does not include bulk alone. Poor meat is not desirable, nor is lard, exclusively. Large carcasses are crowded with fat, the usual boast being that it is of a certain depth of thickness, but while such meat may be suitable for the packing-houses, the point to be kept in view is to impress on farmers that the meat for the family should consist of that which is interspersed with fat and lean. While the sides are always heavy with fat, the hams and shoulders should be full. It is not necessary to keep the hogs small in size in order to do this, but to breed for it. Fortunately, we can do so. We have the Berkshire, with his prominent hams, from whom to obtain.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

Manuring Fruit Trees.

The value of stable or yard manure for fruit trees is becoming more and more appreciated, says the Horticultural Editor of the *Country Gentleman*. Autumn is the best time to make the application, and if the dressing is left on the ground all Winter, the richer and soluble parts will be carried down into the soil, and the fibrous portions, from which the richer parts have been washed, will remain on the Winter mulch. A little heap of manure at the foot of the stem will be of no use; it should be spread as far as the roots extend, which, on each side, are at least equal to the hight of the tree. Generally therefore, the whole ground is to be covered broadcast. Do not make the common mistake of manuring heavily after years of neglect, but apply moderate quantities annually. This treatment will tend to make apple orchards bear in off years. Old trees, supposed to be done with, have been brought into new and profitable bearing by cutting out the dead branches and spreading broad dressings of manure each Autumn.

Where to See the Great Trotters of New York.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

No two men in America have had more experience with fine trotting stock, and none are better judges than Calvin M. Priest, of the New York Club Stables, 28th street near Fifth avenue, and Dan Mace, of the Excelsior Stables, West 28th street, New York, the champion double team driver of the United States. Both of these gentlemen say, that for painful ailments in horses, such as cuts, bruises, swellings, lameness, stiffness, St. Jacobs Oil is superior to anything they have ever used or heard of. This is also the opinion of Prof. David Roberge, the celebrated horse-shoer of the metropolis, and thousands of stock-owners throughout the country. As a pain-cure for man and beast St. Jacobs Oil has no equal. Mr. Priest recites the case of a valuable trotter, so stiff from rheumatism that he could not move an inch. By one thorough application of St. Jacobs Oil at night, the animal was completely cured, and was fit for the race-track the next day.

A Sleeping Car on Fire.

POKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 7.—The sleeping car attached to the Chicago Express, leaving New York at 9 last night, was discovered on fire near Castleton at 1 o'clock this morning. A man named Murphy, of Buffalo, was slightly blistered on the head; another man, supposed to be F. Worlman, of West Hoboken, was taken from the car unconscious. The car was completely gutted.

LOKONI, ARK., October 26, 1882.—For the sake of the balance of mankind who may be suffering, I wish to give you my experience with one of your Georgia remedies. I have been afflicted with scrofula for more than twelve years—have had sores on me as large as a man's hand for that length of time, and last Summer was so bad off that I could not wear any clothing. Everybody, including myself, had given me up to die, and said I would be a dead man in three months. I had taken hundreds of bottles of all kinds of medicines, had spent hundreds of dollars with physicians, and had ruined my system with mercury and potash, when a friend told me of the wonderful cures made by Swift's Specific. I got it and began its use, and soon found it was just what I needed. In a short time it cured me sound and well. Thousands of dollars could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. The County officials, and in fact everybody in the County will bear witness to what I have written, for I was a well known case.

Yours respectfully, R. L. HIGH.

The Mormon View.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 5.—The *News*, a Mormon organ, in a leader says that the President's message will be hailed by hireling clergy with pleasure, and will receive a certain amount of popular support. The Mormons, not being represented by Territorial laws, could not be dissolved by the Commission's edict, armies or other earthly power. They are ecclesiastical, perpetual, eternal, until the Mormons become reconvert to their faith. The President remarks on Utah polygamy do not call forth from the Mormons any comment to his statements.

Sometime during the year you caught Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will quickly cure it and prevent consumption.

The Sunday School.

Death of Saul and Jonathan.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1883.

Golden Text.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in death.—Prov. 14: 32.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam 31: 1-13.

1. Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa.

2. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons; and the Philistines slew Jonathan and Abinadab and Melchi-shua, Saul's sons.

3. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers.

4. Then said Saul unto his armourbearer, Draw thy sword and strike me through therewith, lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armour bearer would not, for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it.

5. And when his armourbearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.

6. So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armourbearer, and all his men, that same day together.

7. And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were on the other side Jordan saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities and fled; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them.

8. And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons slain in Mount Gilboa.

9. And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armour, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols, and among the people.

10. And they put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth; and they fastened his body to the walls of Bethshan.

11. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul,

12. All the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Bethshan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.

13. And they took their bones and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The close of Saul's life is a very different one from what might have been anticipated in view of the auspicious beginning of his Kingly reign. Following, as it does, in the narrative of Saul's course, this lesson illustrates the truth that:

SIN BRINGS A SAD ENDING TO THE BRIGHTEST CAREER

1. It Gives Old Adversaries New Power (vs. 1, 3, 4).

2. It Involves the Innocent in its Consequences (vs. 2, 5, 6).

3. It Disheartens the Lord's People (v. 7).

4. It Rejoices the Enemies of God (vs. 8-10).

5. Yet It Cannot Blot Out Grateful Memories (vs. 11-13).

1. IT GIVES OLD ADVERSARIES NEW POWER.

Now the Philistines fought against Israel; and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines (v. 1). The Philistines were no stronger now than when Samuel's hosts smote them "from Michmash to Ajalon." But Saul was weaker now, because he had not the strength which God gives to those who trust him, and who show their trust by doing as he directs. An enemy which has been subdued a score of times in the path of one's duty can easily vanquish one who goes outside of that path to give it battle. Many a man who began his career by doing valiant service against intemperance, or dishonesty, or immorality of some other sort, has finally fallen a victim to that very vice, simply because he would not continue to battle with it in divinely given strength. It matters not how often a man has shown himself superior to any particular temptation, if he turns away from God that very temptation may overpower him to his utter destruction. To be permanently proof against the power of the Philistines one must have some other support than the mere name of an Israelite.

2. IT INVOLVES THE INNOCENT IN ITS CONSEQUENCES.

And the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab, and Melchishua, Saul's sons. * * * So Saul died, and his three sons, and the armour-bearer, and all his men, that day together. Certainly Jonathan was a true and noble man: yet he fell with Saul, involved in his father's overthrow. And there were not Jonathan ones who suffered with the guilty in that defeat. So it is always. The consequences of sin are sure to bring suffering to those who have done no wrong. A man can sin all by himself, but he cannot bear alone the consequences of his transgression. Those who are linked with him by blood, or by affection, or by business or neighborhood or church relations, are sure to have a share in the shame and sorrow caused by his going astray. Often, indeed, the greater suffering comes to the innocent, rather than to the guilty, as the result of one's wrong-doing. If a man were ready to meet all the immediate personal consequences of his sinning, he ought to be kept back from transgression by the thought of its terrible results to those whom he loves, and who are innocent of all participation in, or responsibility for, his crime.

3. IT DISHEARTENS THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

When the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were on the other side Jordan, saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his men were dead, they forsook the cities and fled (v. 7). A man's personal influence never seems to be greater and more wide reaching than when it shows itself in the effect of his fall through wrong-doing. A minister may work on quietly for good, in his out-of-the-way corner of the world, and never seem to reach any who are beyond his limited parish; but let him once be guilty of some flagrant act of wrong-doing, and the telegraph and the printed page will bear at the Devil's service to make the consequences of that sin tingle the cheeks of lovers of the Lord's cause in every intelligent community throughout the land; and multitudes who never before had heard of that man, or of his doings, will be saddened and disheartened at the thought of his fall. And so it will be with all the "ministers' sons" and "deacons' daughters" in their life course. Whatever doubt there may be as to their influence through their well doing, they may be sure of a power for evil if they go astray. In fact, the same may be said of every other man's sons and daughters, and of the fathers and mothers of those children also. Their evil-doing will be a sure cause of disheartening the Lord's people.

4. IT REJOICES THE ENEMIES OF GOD.

When the Philistines * * * found Saul and his three sons fallen * * * they cut off his head, and stripped off his armour, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols and among the people (vs. 8, 9). The more prominent a man has been in the service of God, and the higher has been his place as a representative of God's cause, the more his fall rejoices the enemies of God. "I told you so," is the cry of many. "That is the way with all of them." It is yet a common cry of the sneering opposers of God's cause. And the proof of a good man's fall will be sent into the land of the Philistines round about, and it will be published in all the houses of idolatry, and at every corner grocery far and near. If a man decides to turn away from God, he can be as sure of gladdening the hearts of God's enemies, as he is of discouraging the hearts and straying the hands of the people of God by his misdoing.

5. YET IT CANNOT BLOT OUT GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

When the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons, from the wall of Bethshan, and came to Jabesh (vs. 11, 12). Saul had saved the right eye of every man of Jabesh-gilead; and the men of Jabesh-gilead couldn't forget that. When the right arm that had rescued them hung powerless against the insults which God's enemies heaped upon the lifeless body of the old champion of Israel, all the valiant men of Jabesh-gilead were ready to risk their lives to evidence their gratitude in the rescue and honoring of the body of their deliverer. And there is comfort in the thought of such pure gratitude for well-doing. It is evidenced in this incident. good act, a generous act, an act of unselfish fidelity to a friend, or of devotedness to a great principle, will not be forgotten; it cannot be lost. Even the tyrant Nero had flowers strewn in his bloody grave by some one who remembered gratefully a good side of his character, or a good act of his life course. Our best deeds will be remembered by God, and by those whom they benefited, even though our well-doing be sadly shadowed by our subsequent transgressions.—*S. Cincy Treasbull in Sunday School Times.*

Don't neglect your cough when Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will quickly cure it and prevent consumption.

News of the Week

Sen. Edmunds' Postal Telegraph Scheme.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The postal telegraph bill introduced by Sen. Edmunds, provides that a board consisting of the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Postmaster General, shall cause to be located and arranged four trunk lines of postal telegraph connecting the Northwest, Northern, Western, Southwestern and Southern parts of the United States, with the City of Washington. Along such lines officers shall be established at such places as would be for the public interest at the time, the lines being from time to time extended by additional officers established as Congress shall provide. Rates for the use of the lines will be established by a board consisting of the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster General. The lines will be constructed and kept in repair under the direction of the Secretary of War, and through a corps of engineers. The Secretary of War will be authorized and directed to acquire by purchase, subject to the approval of the President, the right of way for the construction and extension of lines, and for purposes of location. He will be authorized to take any such lands, tenements and hereditaments as will be necessary and pay a compensation deemed reasonable, Clerks, operators, electricians and other employes will be selected under the provisions of the Civil Service law, after examination by the Board appointed for the purpose. Two million dollars will be appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, for the working and operation of the lines, and will be under the direction and charge of the Postmaster-General. Nothing in this act will be construed to prohibit each individual or corporation from carrying on the business of operating telegraph lines.

The White Man Too Sharp for the Civilized Indian.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Col. Boudinot, Chief of the Cherokees in the Indian Territory, is here, and says he proposes to have remedied an evil that sharpers have been imposing upon the Indians in the Territory. He says that two-thirds of the reservation there has been leased by cattle men for grazing purposes, and that so long as the Indians can get rent for their lands they will not cultivate the soil. He protests against the rental they receive, and says they are imposed upon most outrageously. He thinks the laws governing Indian reservations should be amended so that they cannot be leased by non-residents. The matter will come up in the Senate.

Sec. Teller, speaking of the matter, said: "It was understood that quite a large amount and nearly all of the lands occupied by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were excluded in such leases and agreements. It was urged by the parties who solicited my approval of their leases that the Indians could derive a large revenue from the use of the lands, and be otherwise benefited. I did not find authority for the making of such leases or agreements, and I declined to approve them, and informed the parties that I saw no objections to allowing the Indians to grant permission to graze cattle on their reservation at fair and reasonable terms; that the authority to so occupy must be given by the tribe and not an individual member, and the whole tribe must participate in its benefits. Congress should provide some system by which the unoccupied lands can be leased by this tribe or the Department for the benefit of the tribe, and the money expended for the tribe without covering it in the Treasury."

"Buchu-paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Polygamy and Woman Suffrage in Utah.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Mrs. Ruth Everatt, of Salt Lake City, is in the City, and stated to a reporter for the Times that a petition was being numerously signed by the Mormon women protesting against further anti-polygamy legislation by Congress. A great many of the women who signed this petition, said Mrs. Everett, did so under misapprehension and threats. At the recent election polygamists generally abstained from voting and made their wives vote the church ticket. While the polygamists are disfranchised under the Edmunds bill, it is almost impossible to prove that they are living in polygamy, and consequently they can swear in their votes. There is as much "marrying and giving in marriage" now as before the passage of the Edmunds bill, but disfranchisement and punishment are obviated by maintaining separate establishments for each family, and claiming each wife as the only original one. In the great majority of cases the wives support the husband or rather maintain their own household. Mrs. Everett stated that after close observation she could see very little, if any, benefit from the Edmunds bill. It is not strong enough, and is too easily evaded. This lady evangelist would recommend the abolition of woman suffrage as the first step toward the suppression of polygamy and the ultimate downfall of the Mormon church. She thought it a strange commentary on woman suffrage that the only place where it exists it is used to debase and enslave those whom it should ennoble.

• Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaint peculiar to women.

They Only Saw 90 Feet of the Serpent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Capt. Frank Green, keeper of the life saving station at Long Branch, Charles Wardell and Charles Casey, all residents of Long Branch, report that while fishing in the ocean off Green's Pond a few days ago they saw a huge sea-serpent a short distance from their boat.

Green says: "The serpent was fully 90 feet long and 30 feet wide. We did not see his entire length. There was a blow-hole about nine feet long and two feet wide about 20 feet from the end of his nose. He was yellowish in color around the head. The rest of his body was black. The head was short, and near the nose were two stubby horns."

It is also reported that several other persons who saw it off Asbury Park say that it was from 80 to 90 feet long, and was swimming toward the south. Capt. Green has made a report of the matter to the Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service in Washington.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic: for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, 25c.

A White Buck.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 7.—A snow-white deer was shot yesterday, near Sandusky, this County, by Henry Dunning, and brought here for sale. It attracted great attention, and visitors from all over the City came to see the curiosity, which is the rarest thing in the animal kingdom. It was seen at various times in the vicinity of Sandusky, and several expert hunting parties were organized with a view to its capture. So excited had the animal become that a gentleman from St. Louis offered $400 for its capture alive, and many traps and nets were time and again laid for him, but in vain. He was sold at auction, $50 being the price finally obtained. It was a buck, about 5 years old. Another and younger one is known to be in the same neighborhood.

The experience of years has not detracted from the acknowledged excellence of the qualities of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, but has completely established their hold upon the tastes of all persons who love delicious flavors. If you desire a fine, delicate flavor in cakes, puddings, creams, ices or pastry, use Dr. Price's Flavors.

"Save a Place for Nailor."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Republican employes at the House and of the Capital are receiving marching orders as fast as appointments are made from the horde of applicants. John Bailey, who has been Disbursing Clerk of the House for 30 years, through all kinds of political weather, was to-day notified by the new Clerk that his services would not be needed after this month. Doorkeeper Wintersmith was so besieged by applicants for positions that he was driven from all public places and finally locked himself in a room to escape the pressure. Clerk Clark received a dispatch from St. Louis to-day: "Save a place for State Senator Nailor." If State Senator Nailor expects to get a place here he had better take the first train or come through by telegraph if he can. There is a mighty poor show for anything being saved for him.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$205,299,793
Silver dollars and bullion	118,800,238
Fractional silver coin	32,000,000
United States notes	35,267,016
Total	$391,367,047
Certificates outstanding	94,630,000
Silver	90,365,771
Currency	18,000,000

"Somethine Nervine is a never-failing remedy." Rev. S. F. Hoyt, of the Seven Oaks Church, Kansas.

Property in Slaves.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—Further facts regarding the suit soon to be brought before the Court of Claims at Washington for the recovery of the value of slaves in Texas are as follows: It is alleged Texas was admitted to the Union under peculiar and different circumstances from any other State, and this action is to be brought in good faith on the advice of some of the best lawyers in Texas, and without any idea of creating political excitements. Negotiations for the annexation of Texas began during Tyler's administration, and joint resolutions providing for the annexation passed Congress and were approved by the President March 1, 1845. These resolutions contained conditions and guarantees, the most significant of which in regard to the present case is as follows:

"Section 3—New States, of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution; and such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of 36° 30' north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as the people of each State asking admission may desire."

Texans took advantage of this, and in framing the State Constitution, under which they would be willing to come into the Union, they stretched the slavery guarantee to the limit which lawyers of the present day think makes the United States Government responsible for the loss of slave property. At the next Congress of the United States this Constitution was submitted, and provoked a long and bitter struggle; and it is noted that clauses in it, upon which this litigation will be based, were then pointed out as not only objectionable, but dangerous, and virtually making Congress guarantee slave property. The Constitution was finally accepted,

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 7.—Mr. Carlston, of Duluth, received a letter yesterday from a friend who was a passenger on the ill-fated "Manister," saying: "When the boat went out they encountered a very heavy gale from the southwest, and when about 20 miles out the boat was put about, but could not make it and broke in two. The life boats were taken out, but before they were launched all but one was swept away, and only nine persons were allowed to get in. They had a terrible time. After the steamer went down there was nothing but a wide expanse of water before them, and they rolled around on the turbulent waters, cold, wet and hungry, for three days, and one by one dropped off. Some of them froze to death, while some died from sheer exhaustion and exposure to the wind. They say that Capt. McKay never left the boat, but wrapped himself up in a heavy overcoat and remarked: 'I will never leave the boat until the last soul is off. I am Captain of this boat, and if she is a coffin for any body she will be my coffin.' After the men had left the boat they say the 'Manister' made one plunge under the waves and that was the last of her. They report that only three were saved and reached Houghton. They say the wreck occurred off Eagle harbor and that there was no possible chance of saving her under the circumstances. They say that at the last when everybody knew that there was no hope of saving the boat, Capt. McKay gave his orders just as coolly and collectedly as if on land.

HELENA, M. T., Dec. 7.—During the month of October a man representing himself as Postoffice Inspector Stedman, afterwards as Inspector Henderson, visited the postoffices between Miles City and Helena, swindling officials and banks of sums of money. Friday last Inspector Jameson arrested him at Missouri and to-day caused his arrest. The swindler's name is S. W. Scott. The authorities have been requested to hold him after Montana is through with him, by Inspector Stuart, of Chicago. Louisiana and California also want a turn at him for a like offense.

LAREDO, Dec. 8.—A Mexican was arrested at Guerrero, having a pistol taken from Lieut. Banjel, of the Mexican army, when a passenger train on the Mexican National Road was robbed by a party of masked desperadoes near Lajurita recently. Under threats of hanging, the culprit has given the authorities the names and residences of each of the robbers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Anne Garvey, a dressmaker, attempted to shoot Henry J. Meredith, a bridge policeman, while on duty this evening. The hammer of the pistol became entangled in her veil, and the weapon was not discharged. Anne was arrested. She claims that Meredith, who is married, seduced her under promise of marriage, and abandoned her.

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 8.—W. Rose, a wealthy carriage manufacturer, disappeared Sunday. His wife and her supposed step-son tell the Grand Jury that Rose is Cornelius Kraus, who, in Kingston, N. Y., in 1866, committed a heavy forgery, deserted his wife and two children and came to Texas, where he made money and married Mrs. Dugnall, the complainant. He returned to Kingston, was tried under the charge of forgery was outlawed and promised to bring his wife to Texas. Failing to do so, his son followed him a few months ago, and, threatening exposure, Rose shot him six times. The son, showing signs of recovery, was sent to Florida, Rose assuring him that his second wife was only his mistress, and at the same time inducing her to leave, she did the shooting. The boy is now at Houston to compel reparation to his mother, but his father's whereabouts is unknown.

DAVENPORT, Dec. 5.—John L. Sullivan and his fellow pugilists gave an exhibition before a howling audience last night. A local bruiser, named Mike Sheehan, had declared his intention of standing up before Sullivan, and this was the great attraction. Sheehan is a striker in the car shops, and is said to be the strongest man in Iowa. He sparred with the champion for a while, and when Sullivan hit him on the nose he was knocked flat and threw up the sponge. While Sullivan was sparring with Slade, several men in the audience yelled out, shouting: 'Bring on Paddy Ryan.'" At this Sullivan asked them to come upon the stage and talk to him, but they declined. After the performance Sullivan made a speech to the audience in which he apologized for his remarks, and offered to bet any sum of money with any person that he would knock out Paddy Ryan in the second round. There were no takers.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 6.—A. C. Ayres, local ticket agent of the Cincinnati Northern Railroad, arrested last night for embezzlement, made a most desperate attempt this morning in the Central Station House to commit suicide. He cut his wrists with broken glass, and a sharpened lead pencil was thrust deeply into his neck; he then used a pocket comb in his effort to cut his throat. He says he did this at 2 o'clock, then lay in the utmost agony, hoping for death. He is a young man of good family. His friends claim his mind is unbalanced. His condition is critical.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 11.—About 17 incendiary fires of the past month have been traced by the police to Herrin West, Joe Moffit, Finch and Millard, four boys about 13 years of age, sons of refined people, residents of the Fourth Ward, where the fires occurred. The boys have been arrested. They had formed a Buffalo Bill Organization, and had a pirate's den, where they kept dime novels, guns and lassoes, and from which they made raids on the pantries of well-to-do neighbors. Suspicion fell on them because of the frequent finds of jellies and pies, and the general braggadocio air the boys assumed. Young Finch confesses; the others deny everything.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 4.—Ross Grove, on the Western Pensylvania Railroad, nine miles from Allegany City, was the scene this afternoon of one of the most brutal and hardly contested hard glove fights that ever took place in Western Pennsylvania. The principals were Patrick Moran and Jas. McCoy, and 114 rounds were fought in one hour and six minutes. McCoy is 27 years, and Moran 51. In the beginning McCoy broke his right wrist, and for the rest of the battle fought with his left hand. McCoy knocked down his antagonist 110 times; Moran knocked McCoy out in the 114th round. Both men were terribly punished, and McCoy had to be carried to the train.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 4.—G. W. Bailey, pastor of the colored Methodist congregation at Mt. Sterling, was arrested in this City on a charge of forging the names of two of his flock—Albert Davis and John Jackson—as indorsers to a note of $311. Marshal Punch took the prisoner back to Mt. Sterling to answer the charge.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 9.—There is much excitement in the City to-night on account of threats to lynch Wesley Posey, colored, who outraged a 9-year-old white girl a week ago. Last night a mob battered down the doors of the jail, but the prisoner had been removed. To-day he was brought back, and four military companies were summoned to protect the jail. This evening the mob again assembled threatened to mob the man at all hazards.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Howard B. Hinds, aged 20, killed himself in a Bowery concert saloon to-night drinking wine with a street-walker. He had recently come from Troy and had applied for a position. To-night he wandered into the saloon, ordered a bottle of wine and called a woman to share it. In the midst of his drinking and talking, he pulled a revolver from his pocket, took a drink of wine, and saying, "Here goes," sent a ball through his brain.

PEORIA, Ill., Dec. 10.—John W. Hunter, the alleged murderer of Zora Burns, was taken to Lincoln. The officer who had charge of him refused to divulge anything in connection with the case, or allow the prisoner to be interviewed. From what can be learned, however, the arrest was made on the strength of a letter written by Hunter to Carpenter's attorney, stating that while in Peoria, in August last, Carpenter tried to induce him to marry Zora Burns. He also said he had missing apparel of the murdered girl in his possession, and would return the same on the payment of $300. This letter accidentally fell into the hands of the State's attorney of Logan County, and search for Hunter was instituted. Hunter has been in Peoria at different times, and is known to the police authorities here. From what they know of him and the circumstances connected with his arrest, they regard him as a crank, and do not attach much importance to his arrest.

DELPHOS, Dec. 10.—Last night a large number of masked men appeared at the jail, took the keys from the watchman, took out Post and Hoffmeister, arrested for burglary, and demanded they should give the names of confederates in numerous burglaries recently, or be hanged. They refused, and were strung up. When nearly dead they were let down, and again asked to give the names. They said they could not. They were again hung up, and the mob went away. The watchman cut the men down, but they are still in a critical condition. Nearly all their companions have left town.

GREENVILLE, Miss., Dec. 10.—There was a difficulty Saturday night at a political meeting between a colored man named Homer and Frank Montgomery. As usual on such occasions pistols were drawn and shooting commenced. Sam Finley, a white man, was seriously injured, three negros shot, one dead, one expected to die, and the other slightly. The Coroner's jury found Homer was killed by Montgomery and Finley, local politicians.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.

Sen. Hoar presented a joint resolution from the Legislature of Massachusetts opposing convict labor on public works of the United States.

Sen. Blair presented a joint resolution from the Legislature of New Hampshire opposing further land grants to railroads and any renewal of forfeited grants.

Sen. Butler introduced a bill for the repeal of internal revenue laws now in force, and to abolish the internal revenue bureau.

Other bills were introduced as follows:

By Sen. Blair—A joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment regarding alcoholic liquors. The proposed amendment prohibits the manufacture and sale of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical and scientific purposes or uses in arts, in any of the States and Territories, and the importation of such liquors, except for the purposes named, and the bill provides that should the amendment not be ratified by three-fourths of the States before the last of December, 1890, the prohibition it proposes shall take effect as an act of Congress at the expiration of 10 years.

HOUSE.

Mr. Randall objected to the passage of a resolution for the immediate appropriation of $20,000 for printing the records of the United States Supreme Court. Referred to the Committee of the Whole. He said that all deficiencies should have a thorough investigation, not only by the House, but by an appropriate committee. He had a horror of deficiencies.

Mr. Jones submitted the customary resolutions announcing the death of Thomas H. Herndon, of Alabama, and out of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House adjourned, with the understanding that no business shall be transacted to-morrow.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.

Bills were introduced:

By Sen. Ingalls—To amend the arrears of pension law by removing certain limitations of the act.

By Sen. Beck—Providing for the removal of all disabilities included in the 14th amendment to the Constitution, and also authorizing American citizens to purchase foreign built ships to engage in foreign carrying trade.

By Sen. Edmunds—To provide for the further protection of colored citizens of the United States against the violation of certain rights secured by the Constitution, and also to establish a postal telegraph system.

By Sen. Sherman—To provide for the issue of circulation of National Banks, allowing the circulation to be issued for 90 per cent of the market value of bonds instead of face value.

By Sen. Beck—To repeal the act of July 2, 1862, and such sections of the Revised Statutes of the United States as perpetuate the oath prescribed by the 14th amendment. Also, to authorize the payment of customs duties in legal tenders.

By Sen. Edmunds—To amend sections 1,756 and 1,757 of the Revised Statutes. (It abolishes the iron clad oath and fixes one oath for all officers alike, saving, however, all provisions against Rebel claims and all penalties, etc., etc.) Also, to redraft the bill reported by the Committee on Judiciary some years ago, dealing in general with the rights of colored citizens, especially with a view to securing them a free vote and a fair count of all votes.

Sen. Edmunds, commenting upon the first bill introduced by him to-day, said: "It undertakes to provide security for the protection of colored citizens of the United States against the inhuman, wicked and unholy distinction that in some States is still made against them in respect to civil rights, and to protect them consistently with the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Sen. Blair introduced a bill to establish a Bureau of Statistics of Labor under the Department of the Interior. Also a bill to regulate hours of labor for workmen and mechanics in the employ of the United States, limiting the number of hours to constitute a day's work to eight, and providing wherever it is found necessary to substitute labor by the hour for labor by the day, such labor shall be paid for at the rate of one-eighth of a day for each hour.

By Sen. Logan—To appropriate and expend the $50,000,000 derived from internal revenue taxes and sales of public land to the education of all children living in the United States.

By Sen. Hoar—To provide for the performance of the duties of the office of President in case of death, resignation or inability of both President and Vice President. Also to fix a day of meeting for the Electors for President and Vice President, and to provide for and regulate the counting of votes for President and Vice President. Also a bill providing for a uniform system of bankruptcy (the Lowell bill).

By Sen. Logan—To provide for pensioning prisoners of war confined in Confederate prisons during the late war.

By Sen. Brown—To extend the time in which action can be brought in the Court of Claims, under the provisions of the captured abandoned property act for two years.

By Sen. VanWyck—Declaring that railroad corporations shall pay within 60 days the costs of surveying and locating lands to which they are entitled; otherwise, to be subject to State and local taxation. Also for pre emption and homestead entry. Also to restore to the public domain lands donated but not earned by railroad corporations, when the roads are not finished within the time specified in the grant. Also to protect all the pre-emption and homestead entries made after forfeiture or failure to build the road within the time specified. Also for the relief of settlers on public lands in Nebraska and Kansas, on the line of the Denver & St. Joseph Railroad.

By Sen. Slater—To repeal the Northern Pacific land grants.

HOUSE.

Mr. Springer offered a resolution to the Committee on Elections, when appointed, to act on the memorial of the Governor of Kansas, and others, presented yesterday, and the papers presented to the Clerk of the House in regard to the election qualifications of Mr. Peters, of Kansas, with instructions to report whether Mr. Peters was eligible, and if not whether the contestant, Mr. Wood, was entitled to his seat. Adopted.

Mr. Tucker offered a resolution referring to the Committee on Elections, when appointed, certificates of all papers relating to the election of Representative from the First District of Virginia, with instructions to report as early as practicable which of the rival claimants (Messrs. Mayo and Garrison) to the seat has the prima facie right, reserving to the other party the privilege of contesting the case on its merits.

At this point the Committee to wait upon the President announced that the President would communicate to the House his message in writing. The President's secretary appeared and presented the President's message for consideration.

Mr. Tucker's resolution was entered upon. The previous question was seconded. After some discussion, at the suggestion of Mr. Randall, the matter went over until to-morrow, and the clerk read the President's message. It was ordered printed, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.

Bills introduced:

By Sen. Ingalls—To repeal the pre-emption and timber culture laws, and amend the homestead laws.

By Sen. Garland—To release the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad from the condition of acts of Congress which injuriously affect the coporation, and also to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to settle and adjust accounts between the United States and the same Company on account of customs duties on iron imported by that Company.

By Sen. Groome—To provide for the construction of the Maryland & Delaware free ship canal for means of military and naval defense and commercial purposes: The canal to connect the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware bays; to be 100 feet wide at the bottom, 26 feet below mean low water, and 178 feet wide at low water level, with locks 600 feet by 60 in the chamber, and sufficiently deep to allow the passage of vessels drawing 23 feet. The Secretary of War to be authorized to make the necessary surveys and negotiate with owners of property along the course of the canal, and if satisfactory terms cannot be reached, then to condemn the land. One million dollars to be appropriated for the purpose of the bill.

The following joint resolutions were offered:

By Sen. Butler—To provide for an amendment to the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, inserting the word nativity, so as to make the Constitution read, "the right of citizens of the United States to vote is not to be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of nativity, race, color or previous condition of servitude."

By Sen. Lapham—Proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving women the right of suffrage. Also proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving the President the right to veto separate items of an appropriation bill while approving the remainder. The items objected to, however, may become a law by an affirmative of a two-thirds vote of each House.

By Sen. Morgan—Proposing an amendment to the Constitution by which the President will have the power to disapprove of any items of appropriations for rivers and harbors, while approving other items.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Call, to be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, when appointed, which requests the President to demand from the Spanish Government the repayment to citizens of the United States of money paid by them on shipments of cattle from the United States to Cuba.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.

A memorial was presented from the Mexican veterans, asking for pensions.

Standing and other committees were then appointed.

Bills introduced:

By Sen. Hill—Providing for coinage at a branch mint at Denver.

The resolution of Sen. Voorhees was agreed to, authorizing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of purchasing the encampment grounds occupied by the Revolutionary army at Valley Forge for a National Park. He also offered the following, which he asked to be printed:

"*Resolved*, That in the judgment of the Senate, the public debt is not a public blessing, and any measure of financial policy looking to the perpetuation of the present interest-bearing National debt for the purposes of National banking or any other account meets with the disapprobation of this body, and should be viewed with alarm by the taxpayers of the United States."

Sen. Hill called up a resolution asking the Secretary of the Interior to furnish copies of all papers relating to the transfer of the land grant of the New Orleans, Baton Rouge & Vicksburg Railroad Company to the New Orleans & Pacific Railway Company.

Sen. Hill stated that he desired mainly to prevent a transfer of the land and desired no action taken in the matter until the information called for was presented to the Senate. The resolution was agreed to. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

Bills introduced:

By Mr. Oakes—Repealing the pre-emption laws and amending the homestead laws, so that patents shall be issued after three years' actual occupancy.

By Mr. Dunn—Declaring lands forfeited granted to the following railroad companies, and to States in aid of such companies: Gulf & Ship Island; Alabama and Florida; Coosa & Tennessee; Mobile, Alabama, Girard, Coosa & Chattanooga; Alabama & Chattanooga; Pensacola & Georgia, North Louisiana & Texas; New Orleans, Baton Rouge & Vicksburg; St. Louis & Iron Mountain; Houston & Ontonagon; North Wisconsin; Wisconsin Central; St. Paul & Pacific (St. Vincent extension and Brainard branch); Hastings & Dakota; Oregon Central, and Texas Pacific; also appropriating $6,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River head passes from Cairo to Des Moines Rapids. Also granting pensions to survivors of the Mexican war. Also to compel payment by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company for the last surveying, selecting and conveying of certain lands granted it, and to create a sinking fund for the Kansas Pacific, Sioux City and Pacific and central branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. Also a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for information in regard to an attempted assignment of transfer lands granted the Texas Pacific to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in New Mexico, Southern Pacific, Arizona, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal.

By Mr. Rosecrans—Indemnifying California for expenses incurred in the Indian wars. Also to prevent unjust discrimination in railway transportation. Also to incorporate the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua.

By Mr. Sumner—To fix and establish the maximum rates of fares on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads.

The bill in regard to the Pacific Railroads provides that after 40 days from the passage of the act it will be unlawful for those companies to charge more than three cents per mile for first-class passengers, two cents second-class, and one-and-a-half cents third-class.

By Mr. Lally—To declare forfeited all unearned land grants in California.

By Mr. Payson—Declaring forfeited land grants of a large number of roads, involving many millions of acres of land.

By Mr. Springer—Proposing a Constitutional amendment prohibiting special legislation, and also to facilitate the promotion and retire from active service on their own application officers of the army who served in the rebellion as general officers of volunteers.

By Mr. Belford—To regulate railroad traffic. Also, to authorize the appointment of a special Commissioner for promoting commercial intercourse between the United States and South Central America.

By Mr. Clements—To repeal the internal revenue laws.

By Mr. Henderson—To establish a Board of Commissioners of inter-State commerce.

By Mr. Townshend—To abolish postage on second class mailable matter and reduce the postage on transient newspapers.

By Mr. Thomas—To equalize bounties.

By Mr. Finerty—For the construction of four gun boats and three additional cruisers of the navy.

By Mr. Cobb—To equalize pensions.

By Mr. Holman—To limit the disposal of public lands adapted to agriculture to actual settlers under the homestead laws.

By Mr. Collins—Proposing a constitutional amendment providing that no State, public or private corporation or person can deprive any citizen of equal protection from law nor abridge the rights, privileges or immunities on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

By Mr. Lowry—Repealing the limitation in time for filing claims for pensions.

By Mr. Anderson—To create a agricultural commission. Also to create a postal telegraph. Also to reduce the postage on drop letters to one cent.

By Mr. White—To lessen crime and human suffering from alcoholism by restricting the use of distilled spirits to scientific and medicinal purposes. Also to permit soldiers and sailors to obtain in money the value of homesteads to which they are entitled. Also proposing a Constitutional amendment granting the right of suffrage to women. Also appropriating $25,000,000 a year for five years in aid of common schools.

The call was interrupted to allow Mr. Hewitt to offer the following resolution: "That this House bring to the notice of the President the case of Patrick O'Donnell, claiming to be a citizen of the United States, now under sentence of death in England, in the hope that the President can secure such reasonable delay in the execution of the sentence as will enable the President to ascertain whether said O'Donnell is a citizen of the United States, and if so whether he was tried in accordance with the municipal law of Great Britain and the requirements of international laws. Adopted.

Call continued.

By Mr. King—To equalize the pay of male and female employes of the Government.

By Mr. Morse—Repealing the act for the coinage of the standard silver dollar.

Adjourned until to-morrow, when the call will be completed.

He Forgot He Was a Clergyman.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 11.—Rev. Wm. M. DeHart, rector of St. Andrews Episcopal Church, Walden, publishes a card correcting statements regarding differences with parishioners, which led to the rector's resignation. He says the dispute has interfered in was between husband and wife, the former striking the latter. DeHart said: "You must not strike a woman in my presence.' The man then turned and struck me full in the face. Forgetting for the moment that I was a clergyman, and in the heat of passion, acting only as a man, I returned the blow with all the force and skill I had learned at college."

Hog Products.

Cincinnati Price Current: On the 1st of November the Price Current gave the result of extensive investigation in regard to probable supply of hogs in the West for marketing during the Winter season, the result of which was an indication of about 5 per cent gain over last Winter. Applying this to the packing of the West it was regarded as pointing to about 6,500,000 hogs for the season, against last Winter's 6,192,000. During the past week these investigations have been repeated and returns have been received from a large proportion of the counties of the hog-supporting States. A careful compilation of these returns results in a close corroboration of the former statement, and whatever of variation is shown in some localities or in States is not important as to not justify any change in the general estimate then given. This means that the States which will afford an increase in supply are Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, while Iowa and Ohio will be deficient, and of the less important States, Tennessee will have an increase, and Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota will hardly equal last year in supply.

Hogs have been marketed quite freely the past week and materially in excess of corresponding time last year, the gain being about 9 per cent for the week. The packing returns to the Price Current from over half a dozen points which represent over 91 per cent of last Winter's packing. These places show a total of 2,005,000 hogs since November 1st to date of returns, averaging about 77 per cent of the same places outside of half a dozen of the principal points, compared with 1,875,000 for corresponding period last year. No estimate pretending to all places at 1,135,000 has been made with 1,750,000 last year—an increase of 385,000, or a gain of 22 9 cent. If the packing for the Winter shall reach the estimated number of 6,500,000 hogs, an increase of December receipts at most places outside of half a dozen of the principal points, as compared with 1,875,000 for corresponding time last year. It is not likely that the present liberal movement may be modified are kept. And for a brief period the arrivals in market seem likely to be still liberal, but the indications are that larger on them will be at the expense of later receipts, and that the movement on corn, in view of the changed views of farmers as to the prospective price of hogs.

Cut to Pieces.

CAIRO, Dec. 10.—News has reached Aden that a great force of hill tribes attacked five companies of Egyptian troops which were reconnoitering outside Suakim, the 5th inst. Severe fighting ensued, and the Egyptians were completely annihilated and their artillery captured.

Another account of the Egyptian defeat says spies entered Suakim and reported hill men hovering near the town. On hearing this Mahmoud Tapes Pasha, anxious to efface the defeat at Takkar, the 6th ult., on account of which a Court Martial is pending, sent forward 500 black troops and 200 Bashi Bazouks against the hill tribes, he himself remaining at Suakim. At a distance of three hours' march from town the Egyptians were attacked by several thousand men. The Egyptians fought stubbornly, but were cut to pieces, only 50 of whom and half the officers escaped.

This defeat of troops, heretofore regarded as the flower of the army, caused consternation here, as it tends to show the task of opening the route to Suakim and Berber with the material at Baker Pasha's disposal, is nearly hopeless.

Twenty cavalry men accompanied the Egyptian force. The total loss was 680 men. There were two European officers with the force, and the whole command of the Egyptian Major and surviving officers were surrounded by 5,000 men. The Egyptians formed a square, the black troops being stationed on three faces and the Bashi Bazouks on the fourth face of the square. The latter fell back, throwing the black troops into disorder. The blacks fought with great bravery. One gun and all arms and ammunition were lost.

In consequence of this disaster the garrison at Suakim is reduced to 1,000 men. Dervishes are appearing in Upper Egypt, who propose to preach a holy war. The whole country beyond Egypt proper is all ablaze.

The blacks fought back to back in groups or pairs, some with clubbed muskets. Many rebels were killed. The fight occurred on the 24 inst. Forty-five men had returned to Suakim by the 6th, including 15 cavalrymen, two officers who had ran all the way with the news of the disaster, and 10 wounded blacks.

The defeat proves the rebels are firmly established south of Suakim, on the Berber frontier. News of the revolt at Senrar leads to daily expectation of an attack on Donjola or Khartoum.

Kellogg's Case.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The case of ex-Sen. Kellogg, indicted for having received, while United States Senator, money for procuring increased pay in certain star routes, came up to-day before Judge Wylie. John A. Walsh was called as a witness, but did not respond, whereupon the Government moved to postpone the trial until he could be produced. This motion was vigorously opposed by counsel for Kellogg, and Judge Wylie took the papers, remarking he would decide the question to-morrow.

Ingersoll, for Kellogg, claimed the alleged offense was barred by the statute of limitation. Bliss was absent, and Attorney General Brewster appeared in his place. He assured the Court the Government desired a speedy trial, and acquittal of the defendant, if the charges were not proved.

The Wool Growers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Rep. Converse had a conference with Delano, President of the National Wool Growers' Association, at which the latter gave the proposed measure his endorsement, and Converse said he had no doubt his bill would pass the House by a two-thirds majority. The wool growing industry, he said, is closely allied to agricultural, and the farming class were interested in the restoration of old rates, and this circumstance would give his bill strength. His State was the chief wool-producing State, and had suffered the most severely from the reduction made by the present tariff. There were in that State 46,000 wool growers, and their loss on the sales of wools, of the last annual cloping, amounted to more than $1,000,000. The effect of the reduction of the tariff of the wool product has been felt so keenly in Ohio that both political parties there pledged themselves to work for the restoration of old rates.

Not Safe to Fool with a Connecticut Widow.

NEW LONDON, Ct., Dec. 10.—There is bitter feeling in Groten against George S. Avery, a thriving merchant, charged by Mrs. Giles Avery with having broken a marriage engagement. She says the wedding was to have occurred last Thursday, but she was informed by Avery it was indefinitely postponed. Friday night a mob smashed Avery's store front, hanging him in effigy, and threatened to tar and feather him. Saturday night he was again hanged in effigy, remaining suspended all day Sunday. Avery denies the widow's charges. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the leaders of the mob, and the case will be ventilated in Court.

Stripping a Coffin.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 7.—John Sammiss, an eccentric man who years ago fixed the day and date for his death, and made all necessary preparations for the event, even to buying a coffin and shroud, building a stone tomb in the rocks on his farm, and furnishing black gloves for the pall bearers, is in great trouble. His death didn't occur as expected, and ever since his disappointment he has kept the coffin in a room in his house. Some time ago the house was entered by thieves, and he has just discovered that they stripped the coffin of the shroud and left it entirely bare of all its trimmings. Two young men are suspected of the robbery, and warrants have been issued for their arrest, but they cannot be found.

Five Hundred Pounds of Dynamite.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Last night, a young man entered Schaffer's Hotel at Stapleton, S. I., and ordered his supper. He requested five minutes' conversation with Mr. Shaffer, and told him that his name was Tom O'Toole, and that he wanted to go to England and blow up Newgate, where O'Donnell is confined.

"I want you," said he, "to buy me a ticket. Here is the money," and he endeavored to thrust a well-filled wallet into his hand. "I have 500 pounds of dynamite in that valise there," he added.

The valise was opened, and found to contain one white shirt, one knickered and 12 large paving stones. This morning the prisoner told the Judge that his name was John West, that he resided at Worcester, Mass., and that he had been on a spree for four days. The Judge discharged him, with an admonition to keep sober.

The Florida Everglades Expedition.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec, 9.—The Times-Democrat Punta Rassa special says: The Times-Democrat Everglades expedition reached the Gulf the night of December 5, through the Sharks River, and have just landed at this place, from a schooner which they chartered at White Water Bay to convey them to this point. They became separated from the boat containing their provisions manned by two of their men on the night of the 5th, and were then coming down Sharks River, five miles from the Gulf, it having been taken by mistake for one of the numerous outlets flowing into the Gulf from that river. A large boat sent from Fort Myers to convey the party to this place on their exit from the Everglades remains behind to bring on the missing boat and men. The expedition carried out its program in every particular under difficulties almost insurmountable. Every man showed marks of the rough life endured, but all are in good health and spirits. They leave for Cedar Keys on the 15th inst.

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

United States Sen. Anthony, of Rhode Island, has sufficiently recovered his health to go to Washington.

Since October 29 to date, Chicago packers have slaughtered and salted 1,049,000 hogs, against 933,000 for the corresponding period in 1882.

The trial of James Nutt for killing N. L. Dukes, changed from Fayette to Allegany Court, has been set for the first Monday in January.

The vote on the proposition to abolish contract labor in the New York State prisons was 405,882 for, 266,936 against, and 406 scattering.

At Birmingham, Ala., Wesley Posley, colored, was convicted of raping the daughter of J. A. Broyles, white, and the death penalty prescribed.

T. E. Ingham, lately Mayor of Wilton, Iowa, who has alternated between drunkenness and temperance lecturing, committed suicide with chloral.

A young seal was lately caught in the St. Charles river at Quebec, close to the marine hospital, and many others have been seen in the St. Lawrence.

The negro Wesley Posey sentenced to death at Birmingham, Ala., for rape, has been lodged in jail for safe keeping. The soldiers are all relieved from duty.

John Bailey, for many years chief clerk of the House of Representatives, will soon be succeeded by Major Thomas O. Towles, present printing and bill clerk of the House.

Postmaster Deering was robbed at Morgantown, W. Va. While going home with a tin box containing $340, a thief grabbed it from his hand and escaped in the darkness.

Five inmates of the penitentiary, at Frankfort, Ky., escaped, by going down a man-hole and crawling out through a sewer 600 yards in length. They were all re-captured.

Rev. S. A. Moore, of Indianapolis, resigned the pastorate of the Christian Church because he had noticed the restlessness of a portion of the congregation during his incumbency.

The President of the Workingmen's Association of Lynn, Mass., calls for a National Convention of the Workingmen's party, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President.

All parts of Nebraska show badlw for corn. The yield is smaller than expected, and the quality poor, being not well ripened. There will not be more than half a crop of merchantable corn.

Congressman Davis, of Illinois, will in troduce a bill providing for the promotion of Gen. Sheridan to the rank of General of the Army, and Gen. Hancock to the rank of Lieutenant General.

The President of Tuft's College states that while public opinion appears to be towards co-education, it is found inadvisable now to admit women. Special endowments for a divinity school are asked.

The United States Senate will not elect a new President pro tem. at present. Hon. George Edmunds, of Vermont, who was elected to the Chair at the last session, but who doesn't want it, consents to preside for the time being.

Sen. Garland has received letters from officials of the United States and State Courts in Arkansas denying the charge of Niles (Separationist) that colored people are prevented from exercising their rights under the land laws.

The mortuary reports for Pittsburg the past year, as compared with other Cities, shows that that City is the healthiest in the United States. Last Tuesday, with an estimated population of 175,000, there was not one death.

The crisis in the ship building trade on the Clyde is growing more intense. Three large firms, including Denny, have notified their employes that they will be reduced in January, and several other firms will follow their example.

The Supervising Inspector of steam vessels at Buffalo has suspended the licenses of Thomas Lovett, who, when chief Engineer of the steamship "Colorado," caused the explorsion of her boiler by attaching weights to the safety-valve.

O'Donnell's solicitor is endeavng to induce the jury to sign a memorial to the Home Secretary, asking him to commute the death sentence. Some of the jurymen are willing to sign the paper, but it is expected the majority will decline.

A Senator is authority for the statement that the question of making Sen. Sherman President pro tem. is under consideration by the Caucus Committee of Republican Senators, and that the chances are they will report in favor of his election.

The Richmond, Va., Whig characterizes the finding of the Grand Jury in the matter of the Danville massacre as a "mockery of the laws, and a disgrace to truth and humanity. It is the finding of wolves against sheep, albeit the sheep are black."

The motion for a new trial in the case of Frederick M. Ker, who embezzled $50,000 while in the employ of Preston, Kean & Co., bankers, was argued at Chicago Wednesday before Judge Gray and denied, and the prisoner sentenced to the penitentiary for 10 years.

George W. Davis, the subscription clerk who was suspected of having stolen $20,000 from D. Appleton & Co., by whom he had been employed, pleaded guilty to two of the three indictments against him. Davis was sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison for three years.

The President will make Mississippi river appropriation improvement, Hennepin Canal and other public works the subject of special messages to Congress. Reference to the three subjects was omitted from the regular message. The dealing with them will be more detailed in the special messages.

Gov. Sherman, of Iowa, does not indorse Blaine's proposition for dividing the surplus revenue among the States, and considers it unwise, unfair and unconstitutional. He believes the surplus could be wisely expended in the internal improvements—in improving the seacoast defenses and the navy, and by giving a portion to pensions.

John Huntington, of Cleveland, some years ago put $20,000 into the Standard Oil Company, and has drawn large dividends ever since. The other day, in New York, he was offered $1,000,000 for his interest and he sold it. He went home with a deed for a $100,000 house in one pocket and drafts for $900,000 in the other.

Judge Thoman, of the Civil Service Commission, will conduct the examinations in Cincinnati for local and general departments of service, on the 20th, and in Louisville on the 21st inst. Examinations for general departmental service will be held in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, between January 20 and February 20, next.

Anna Dickinson denies the statement that she has signed with the Knights of Labor for a series of speeches. She states that she has received a proposition for work from the Knights and from various other sources, among them more than one offer to continue on the stage, but what she will probably do in the immediate future is to deliver a speech touching upon the matters now being widely discussed relating to the church and State.

Alex. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, thinks the sectionalism, of which the election of Carlisle is a sign, will be quite apt to result in the nomination of Grant by the Republicans in 1884. In the belief that more can be done toward breaking up the Solid South with his name at the head of the ticket than in any other way. Blaine, he thinks, stands next in ability to break the South. He declares that only an absolute reversal of the sectional policy declared by the House can give the Democrats the remotest chance in the contest next year.

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The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 1883.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans increase	$ 2,119,400
Specie, decrease	306,500
Legal tenders, decrease	743,100
Deposits, increase	1,991,100
Circulation, increase	15,800
Reserve, decrease	1,328,225

The banks are $4,670,750 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 2@3½ ₱ cent on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6½ ₱ cent. Bar silver, 110¾. Sterling Exchange weak ana lower at $4.81¾ for long and $4.84¾ for short. Government Bonds strong. State Securities dull. Railroad bonds generally lower. Stock market heavy and lower on announcement that the tripartite agreement of Union Pacific, Rock Island and St Paul had been signed. The agreement is for 25 years. The Iowa pool will cease to exist January 1, 1884